FRANCE, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1918.

PRICE: 50 CENTIMES, UNITED STATES, 10 CENTS.

GUNS ALONG MEUSE ROAR GRAND FINALE OF ELEVENTH HOUUR

Cheers and Flares Succeed Americans Take Suburb of Momentary Silence at Last Zero

Front to Find It's All Over but the Shouting

At the eleventh hour on the eleventh day of the eleventh month hostilities came to an end from Switzer! nd to the Early that morning, from the wire-

came to an end from Switzer. Int to the sea. Early that morning, from the wire-less station on the Elifel Tower in Paris, there had gone forth through the air to the wondering, half-incredulous line that the Americans held from near Sedan to the Moselle the order from Mizrisal Foch to cease firing on the stroke of 11.

On the stroke of 11 the cannon stopped, the rifles dropped from the shoulders, the machine guns grew still. There followed then a strange, unbelievable silence as though the world had died. It lasted but a moment, lasted for the space that a breath is held. Then came such an uproar of relief and jubilance, such a tooting of horns, shrieking of whistles, such an overture from the bands and trains and church bells, such a shoutting of voices as the earth is not likely to hear again in our day and generation.

and generation.
Then night fell on the battlefield the nor of the celebration waxed rather a waned. Darkness? There was none, kets and a ceaseless fountain of star its made the lines a streak of giorious Rockets and a ceaseless fountain of star shells made the lines a streak of glorious brilliance across the face of startied France, while, by the light of fares, the front and all its dancing, boasting, sing-ing peoples was as clearly visible as though the sun sat high in the heavens.

Germans Celebrate as Well

y atong the up and sniffling and scur-as they waited for the morning cof-it spread along the chains of sing-road menders, along the creeping mus of camions. Driver called it to er and runners tossed the word over reshoulders as they hurried by. Now

"The guerre will be finee at 11 lock. Finee la guerre." You could hear it called out again and

"Say, you, what time is it now?"
They took it a little incredulously at
rst. That was old stuff, that rumor.

aggerated, but we permitted no such as ight discovery to spoil our day, and the United States certainly made a noise such as never before shook the Western Hemisphere.

It was no tamely preconcerted affair. We did it at once without waiting for the other fellow to suggest it. We just got up and shook our jobs, whether banking, selling, street sweeping or housekeeping, and went forth. We filled every principal street of every city in America. We wiggled cowbells, tooted borns, backfired every motor engine, rang every church bell, let loose every wilste, kissed every willing girl, and altogether had a day we will never be in the least ashamed of.

Cittes were solidly jammed with people and vehicular traffic was calmly but inexorably put out of business for the day. In New York City the motor cars; had to take to the sidewalk to escape from Fifth avenue. The skyscrapers beliched forth such prodigles of ticker tape and paper that the city was kneedeep in scraps.

The police were helpless everywhere, and finally gave up and let the cities to the people, who did exactly what they leased and had the biggest time of their lives without disturbance or trouble. The next day 25,000 shipworkers, not content with the first day, irrupted into town and made a second day of it.

Now we are like the kid that had Christmas ahead of time, but we don't care.

VICTORIOUS YANKS YIELD TO POILUS AT SEDAN'S GATES

City That Saw Fall of Napoleon III

FINAL WEEK NO JOY RIDE FOE'S VITAL LINK SEVERED

Private George W. Legion Reaches Units Which Held Line When Firing Ceased Include Many Veteran A.E.F. Divisions

> the advancing troops of the First American Army found along all the mined and muddy roads which led northward to the west of the Meuse.

Nach Sedan! Every battalion commander, cook, every doughboy, as he trudged along those highways had it in the bottom of his heart and the back of his mind that, come what may, he was going to Sedan.

That is why its name was on every lip as the troops swept on, their lines and the lines of General Gouraud's army con-verging on the city as the sticks of a fan converge at the handle. American dias the troops swent on, their lines and the lines of General Gourand's army converging on the city as the sticks of a fan converge at the handle. American divisions jostled cach other and trod on each other's toes, seeming fairly to race one another to the precious goal. But it was not on the cards that my American troops should take theelty, even had hostilities not ceased on Monday last for the American divisions that had mastered the heights which commanded it from the south and southwest had already stepped aside and turned over to the French, as their dear and inalienable right, the honor of entering the city of Sedan proper.

It was a little as though troops fighting their way up through New Jersey toward New York City, had captured Weehawken, captured the Palisades and rested there. When the Americans bowed and stepped aside, Wadelincourt was theirs, and Wadelincourt is really one of the parts of Sedan that is on the west bank of the river. It was to this suburb that the American communique published last Friday referred:

At 4 o'clock yesterday afternoon advance they west bank of the First American Army took that part of the city of Sedan which lies on the west bank of the Mense. The enemy's principal lateral line of communique published has Friday referred:

Not only the Rainbow Division, but the First Division—two of the American and hottlescarred in the American and hot server chronicler of the war may set down the details of the Argonne drive, it will be shown, perhaps, that the trantend by a battalion of that still unwitted the parts of the city the success of the Sedan that the "Grartest north" in that battle was attained by a battalion of that still unwitted the parts of the city the success of the search and tailed and the communication of that still unwitted the parts of the Argonne drive, it will be shown, perhaps, that the "Grartest north" in that battle was attained by a battalion of that still unwitted the parts of the city of the west that the "Grartest north" in that battle was attained b

lown the details of the argume divi-tic will be shown, perhaps, that the "farthest north" in that battle was at-tained by a battalion of that still un-mistakably Irish regiment which used to be the old fighting 69th of New York. But the differences are hair's breadth differences, and very likely the historian really will not care much one way or

AMERICA CELEBRATES
WEEK AHEAD OF TIME
Election Is Forgotten
Early Jubilation Over
Armistice

IBY Caple to The Stars and Stripes.]
AMERICA, Nov. 14—Thursdray of last week we forgot all about the election and engaged in a premature, but otherwise dazelingly successful, elebration of the armistice. After awhile we found that the news that the armistice had actually been signed, was slightly exaggerated, but we permitted no such slight discovery to spoil our day, and the United States cortainly made a noises who had seek we from the interval of the successful celebration of the armistice. After awhile we found that the news that the armistice had actually been signed, was slightly exaggerated, but we permitted no such slight discovery to spoil our day, and the United States cortainly made a noise when the meaning of its brave colors its

had sent limit. After a transpand and sent sent and her great army, he told the colonel what the flag meant, the meaning of its brave colors, its stripes, its sparkling stars. Then he bowed and presented it to the colonel, who, deeply moved, gathered its silken folds into his tight-teinched hand, lifted that hand high above his head.

"The blood of all the world," he said, as every man there rose to his feet.

"Vive l'Amérique!"

Forty-cight years before—400 yards from that spot—Napoleon III had signed his abject surrender.

Late that hight, two platoons of Company D stole down, to the outskirts of the settlement on the west bank of the Meuse opposite to Sedan itself—so close that they could throw pebbles on to the roofs of the silent houses, so close that they could—and did—draw machine gun fire on themselves.

Height Not Easy to Reach

The heights near Wadelincourt were not easy to reach. The last 24 hours of the American path to those heights were marked by some of the bitterest moments of the Argonne-Meuse drive. The valley that runs northward from Chevenges, commanded by many machine guns and swept by the fire of guns from across the river, will not soon be forgotten by the troops that trod it.

That deadly path was traveled that

Continued on Page 2

Continued on Page 2

FATHER'S CHRISTMAS LETTER PLAN GIVES EVERY SOLDIER

CHANCE TO WRITE AND GET ANSWER FROM HIS FIRST C.O. Company Censors and Postal Service Will Speed Mis-

"THE BOY SAYS-

MARSEILLES LEADS AS RACE TO BERLIN STARTS WITH BANG Opportunity Given for Men

Southern Port Beats Own General Average by Over 34 Per Cent

BORDEAUX CLOSE SECOND

Rochefort Just Noses Out Le Havre for Third Honors-**Brest Wants Ships**

substituted eating for fighting as his principal occupation.
Marscilles's score was 134.301—that is, she unloaded, in the week ending at 6 p. m., November 9, over and above her general average for the previous eight weeks, 34.301 per cent more freight. Gentlemen, we will now rise and sing "La Marscillaise."
But the old nort of Bordeaux was not so far behind. Bordeaux, spurred on by a visit from Major-General Harbord, commanding the S.O.S., came through in second place with 122.707 per cent, the thanks being in some measure due to the efforts of 700 German prisoners there employed.

P.W.'S. Ask to Help

Through their C.O., they sont a letter in German to the commanding general, saying that they would work any time, day or night, in order to do their share. They did; and next week the Bordelais Yanks wager that they will boost that 22.707 of margin to something approaching 50.

At this point it might be well to give the standing of the nine clubs in the comments of the standing of the nine clubs in the standing of the nine clubs in the clubs in the comments of the standing of the nine clubs in the c

At this point it migne to the standing of the nine clubs in the league, and then tell about their individual trials and tribulations. Here they are, as of 6 p. m. last Saturday: Marseilles 124.30.

Berlleaux 122.70.

Night Crew Toils Days

Continued on Page 2

PACKAGE TIME LIMIT MAY BE EXTENDED

in Line to Get Labels **Back Home**

Christmas packages for the A.E.F this year may not arrive in every cast until after Christmas but it won't be so long after Christmas as it was last year In order that every package slip give, ut by the Army may have a chance t

out by the Army may have a chance to reach home, the Post Office Department has been asked to extend by ten days the time limit of November 20 allowed for the delivery of the packages to local postmasters in the States.

The men who will chiefly benefit by the extension are those in units that were in the line when the slips were passed out. Many soldiers were, therefore, unable to send slips home in time for them to arrive by November 20.

Preparations are being made to rush the packages to A.E.F. units—if they all come on one boat, it will have to be of 10,000 tons capacity—as soon as they reach France. It is expected that 15 days will be required after the packages arrive at a base port before they will recent all of the units in the A.E.F. [1]

CANDY RATION NOW

Order for Four Million Pounds Has Been Cabled to States

The Q.M.C. has just cabled to the United States an order for 4,000,000 pounds of candy, which will be handed out to the A.E.F. as a part of the

man every ten days. There will be chocolates as well as hard sugar candles in the shipments ordered from the States. The Q.M.C. candy making plants in France have been busily turning out tons of checolate bars and other sugary things, and the candy ration has already been given to troops in certain sections. There's still more good news for the messes, Smoked pork shoulders and loins—not exactly picnic hams, although that would look better in print—have been ordered from the States to be issued at intervals as a substitute for fresh beef and the other meats regularly provided for in the new ration system under G.O. 176. provided for in the new ration system under G.O. 176.

HOOVER COMING OVER

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.] IBY CABLE TO THE STAIS AND STRIPES.]
AMERICA, Nov. 14.—Herbert C.
Hoover, American food administrator, is
going to Europe to organize food relief.
He will retain his present title. Mr.
Hoover will take picked men with him
and also Chairman Hurley of the shipping board to furnish instant information as to shipping facilities.
All government departments will cooperate to advance all the necessary
measures for the immediate care of the
civilian populations everywhere.

ARMISTICE SIGNED. HOHENZOLLERNS GO, EMPIRE DISSOLVES

Three Facts Stand Out in **Confusion of Dramatic** Ten Days

GERMANY CRIES FOR FOOD

Suspension of Hostilities to Last 36 Days-Fighting Ends With Allies Beyond Meuse

From all the confusion of the riotou ton days just past, three great facts stand out clearly and irrefutably.

Germany has signed an armistice, the terms of which are now in process of execution.

evolution.

Apart from those facts, there is only modley of reports, some apparently ustworthy, some obviously not, which world must take at their face value

ie New Germany.
As for the revolution itself, come to to nevery German State, and upset in gone petty throne after another, is progressing irresistibly and withou test bloodshed in orthodox German shion. It has been marked thus fa

Signing the Armistice

It was on the evening of Wednesday November 6, that an official German di-patch, coming through Switzerland, ar nounced that plenipotentiaries had lef Berlin for the Western front for th purpose of concluding an armistice. The party did not reach the Allie

purpose of concluding an armistice.
The party did not reach the Allied lines until 10:30 o'clock Thursday night, November 7. They crossed the sector held by the right wing of General Debeney's Army at the village of Haudroy, north of La Capelle, some 25 kilometers northeast of Guise.

The delegates were received by Marshal Foch at Allied General Headquarters Saturday morning. The armistice terms were placed in their hands, and they were allowed 72 hours—that is, until 11 o'clock Monday morning—to accept or reject them. A courier immediately started back through be lines for German General Headq, ...ters at Spa, southeast of Lidge, in Belgium. Apparently, he returned before dawn on Monday morning, November 11, 1918, signatures were set to the document that suspended hostilities on the Western front—the only front left—six hours later.

What the Armistice Means

The armistice is not the treaty of peace. It has nothing to do with the final disposition of territory, the fate of kings, the payment of indemnities, it is a purely military affair. It means simply a suspension of fighting for a given period; a state of war still exists. The terms of the armistice (given entries of the armistice (given entries of the armistice (given entries of the armistice).

Centinued on Page 2

November 24 Chosen as Day on Which Whole A.E.F. Will Sidetrack Good Intentions and Get Down to Brass Tacks

SPECIAL DELIVERY PRIVILEGE ASKED FOR

sives Just as They Did to Make Army's Mother's Day Big Success

A Christmas Victory Letter to Dad!

A Christmas letter to let the old gent know that we survived the show and are getting along nicely, thank you, to give him our version of how it happened, to remind him that we will be back home some of these days to put our fect under the family table and our upper lip over the fatted pig—the letter, to be brief and truthful; that we've been going to write (some day) ever since, to a scandalous majority of us, we arrived in France.

That's the letter. Now that the Kaiser has done his fading away act and the circus is over, let's interrupt the debate on the transport situation and the possibilities of having to remain in Europe for the next 17 years and write it. November 24 has been nominated by TIES STARS AND STRIPES as "Dad's Christmas Victory Letter Day" for the whole A.E.F., the day upon which every Ancerican soldier in France sits down for a few minutes and concentrates the weak threads of good intentions into the composition of a letter to the best buddy he has in trousers.

And a Letter in Return

And a Letter In Return

It will be Do It Now Day for the writing of a letter to Dad, Pa, Paw, Papa, Papah, Pop, the Guy or whatever other household designation he sails and finalis under.

Everybody writes to the old man and (this is the best part of it) gets a Christmas letter from him in return. That is the whole scheme. Your newspaper is arranging the second part of it with the aid of the cables and the American news service.

The news agencies have wired over that the Father's Victory Christmas Letters are coming with a lot of hot, first hand war dope and that it behooves all the fathers of European War Veterans to stir the germ of orthography in their good right hand, grab a piece of paper and a writing tool and do the best they can with the material in hand. It's a two-way, reciprocal action proposition. On this side of the water the observance of "Dad's Christmas Victory Letter Day" will be somewhat similar to that of Mother's Day, which is remembered by the weather beaton old timers of one service stripe or more.

On Mother's Bay, May 12, just at the beginning of our fighting season, with all the A.E.F. busy and or its toos, practically every American soldier in France who had a mother wrote to her, and a lot who had suffered the greatest bereavement of their lives wrote to their buddy's mother or somebody else. The sailors in European waters—and they're in on it this time—did likewise.

It Will Be About the Same This Time

It Will Be About the Same This Time

It Will be About the Same This Time

The result was that a ship landed at an American port late in May with 1,450,000 letters aboard, the greatest shipment of first class mail ever received in the United States from Americans abroad.

It will be about the same this time, with the added cheering factors that we have a lot more to tell now and plenty of time to tell it in. Soldiers who are fatherless are urged to write to someone else's father. Particularly, if a buddy has failen in battle, they are asked to write to his father. There are fathers in the United States for whom this Christmas will not be as merry as it might, for whom even the cries of victory are reminders of grief. They are fathers who have lost sons in this war—whose sons died under the most glorious banner in the world, fightling the most glorious battles of history.

Last May the Mother's Day letters got the utmost expedition in handling on both sides of the water. The company censors, the mail orderlies, the Army Postal Service all did their best. From all the reaches of the A.E.F. the mail was rushed to the postoffice centers and hurried to the seaboard.

It got to America on May 31 and was delivered at the postoffice at 4:05 o'clock on the afternoon of that day. The postal clerks worked all evening and all night sorting and dispatching it. The last bag departed for its destination at 11 o'clock on the morning of June 1. The letters all were treated as special delivery mail and less than five days later all were delivered.

Postal Service Ready

Postal Service Ready

The postal service will be the same this time. The postal men in France, Army and civilian, have promised equally efficient service and THE STARS AND STRIPES has wired Postmaster General Burleson in the States asking him to duplicate his department's Mother's Day feat with the Dad's leters. Divery of 'Dad's Christmas Victory Letters' to every State in the Union's guaranteed if the letters are in the hands of the Army postoffice on the night of November 24 or soon afterward, and mail censors, mail orderlies, everybody who has anything to do with the handling of mail is hereby urged to get the Dad's letters under way as soon as they can.

The big auxiliary services of the A.E.F., the Y.M.C.A., the Red Cross. the Knights of Columbus and the Salvation Army, have promised the same coperation which made Mother's Day a success.

In the first place, they are going to see that there are paper and envelopes wherever a detachment or group of prospective O.D. letter writers is likely to appear—beaucoup writing material.

The Y.M.C.A. is going after the hardened procrastinators with signs on the walls and a vocal appeal, if necessary. The Red Cross will make special efforts in hospitals. It will provide every soldier with writing materials and, if the soldier isn't able to write himself, a Red Cross worker will do it at his dieself.

soldier isn't able to write himself, a free cross worker win do it at his obtaining.

The Red Cross scarchers who seek out sick and wounded Americans in French and British hospitals will remember the date, too, and have the wherewithal for letter writing with them. Also, the Red Cross, the K. of C. and the Salvation Army will make special efforts in the way of entertainment on the evening of November 24. It probably won't be much of a social function, but there will be some free eating and drinking in some places.

The Salvation Army is going to make a special effort near the late lamented front line. Before the war blew up, they had planned a special paper service for the men in the line but—c'est la paix.

Every Dad's letter—to insure it the promptest forwarding to destination all along the line—must carry in the upper right hand corner where we used to write "Soldier's Mail" the following:

FATHER'S XMAS LETTER.

To Save Ink and Time

The "Xmas," as opposed to "Christmas," saves ink and time and will fit in the corner better. It is important that these four words go on the envelope. They will insure it the consideration of a special delivery letter both on this and the other side of the water.

There will be a "Dad's Christmas Victory Letter Ship," just as there was a "May, it ought to break our previous record and land the biggest shipment of mrst class mail matter ever sent home by Americans abroad—the best Christmas present the fathers of the U.S.A., collectively and individually, ever got.

And somewhere on the ocean it ought to meet and pass an eastbound ship, also letter laden, which we haven't presumed to christen, but which might well be named the "Father of Soldiers' Congratulatory Letter Ship." It will be day indignity.

At a western shipbuilding plant several weeks ago a service flag was raised before a gathering of men in overalls. The stars in the flag numbered 138_Each represented the son of one of the employees of the yard in the fighting services of the United States. There were 98 fathers working in that yard, and it is just one of thousands of big plants back home which has backed very up.

Each represented the son of one of the employees of the yard in the lighting services of the United States. There were 98 fathers working in that yard, and it is just one of thousands of big plants back home which has backed us up. The fathers who stood silently by while that flag was raised are just 98 of several hundred thousand who are in our first reserve line.

Whether it's in a shipyard or a bank, a shell factory or a mine, the old man has backed us up. In the shipyard with the 98 fathers of 138 sons whose lives have depended upon the efforts of the industrial United States it's a safe bet that there hasn't been a slacker. The 98 fathers wouldn't have tolerated one. Yes, our dads have been back of us to a man. They have been inordinately proud of us. Maybe, they haven't displayed their pride often—you know how the old man always tries to hide his feelings. But he feels pretty deeply on some things, and you, bearer of his name on the battle lines of Liberty, have been uppermost in his thoughts ever since you have been in the Army or Navy.

Make It His Finest Christman

Make It His Finest Christmas

There's nothing in the world he'd like to have so much for Christmas as a letter from you, his boy in the war. To get it, he'd even be willing to tell Mother she needn't think about giving him the usual needtie for Christmas, nor Daughter the usual pair of kint socks, nor Young Son the usual half dozen handkerchlefs. So remember the date—November 24—remember the been set aside by your newspaper in your behalf as the day on which to write a Cirristmas Victory Letter to the Old Man, and, no matter what else befalls that day, be sure to get off that letter to Dad, even if it's only a few lines to tell in that you're well and to wish him the merriest, happlest Christmas he has ever had.

had.

And that's just what it will be if the postman on Christmas morning rings the old home door bell and hands the old gentleman a letter bearing in its upper right hand corner the three magic words—

FATHER'S XMAS LETTER.

Unit commanders, top kickers, company clerks—anybody and everybody who has any control over bulletin boards—is hereby respectfully (that will make them feel good) asked to see that notices of Father's Day are duly posted so that he who runs may read.

PARIS EXULTS AS FOUR YEARS' PALL IS LIFTED AT LAST

Target of Gothas and Berthas Ablaze With Light as Great Day Ends

UNKISSED SOLDIERS FEW

Everybody Arm in Arm

Arm in arm they suraded up and down
the avenues and boulevards, Australians
finding the tam-o'-shanter of the chasseurs Alphas just as ferching as their
own nifty bonner, Italian carabinieri
proud and glad to exchange their big
cocked hats for the dinky overseas caps
of their Yankee brethern, Belgiams fresh
from the line bestowing their steel heimets on little swarthy men from the
East in exchange for the weirdest of
headgear.

East in exchange for the weirdest of headgear.

As they went on their rollicking way, women and children petted them with flowers, pressed dags into their hands, kfssed them, and when they could separate them, danced around them in rings. To remain unkissed of any one, man, woman or child, the Allied soldier, whatever his badges or color, had to descend to a cellar and hide.

It was, in all probability, the greatest day Paris has known since the fall of the Bastille, marking, as it did, the triumph over the last remaining Bastille in the world, the fortress of Spandau, in which France's extorted indemnity of 1870 has haid these 40 years and more. Nearer home, it marked a triumph over the one semblance of tyranny that Paris has tolerated—the tyranny of the taxi-driver.

Nearer none.

The one semblance of tyrann, the day of the pedestrian.

Street traffic as it is commonly and for rivers, that there will be a shortage that there will be a shortage of the War Trade Board believes that cotton can be satisfactorily made the cotton can be satisfactorily made the way the crowd was going, it was allowed to proceed, at the crowd's own pace, with soldiers and civilians sitting on its top, its steps and indugated agroaning under the weight of everybody and anybody that chose to hop aboard.

Streets for Pedestrians

Streets for Pedestrians

SCHOOL AID TO CONTINUE

SCHOOL AID TO CONTINUE

SCHOOL AID TO CONTINUE

The corn crop is 2,750,000,000 bushels, with the quality satisfactorily above the average.

SCHOOL AID TO CONTINUE

The STARS AND STRIPES.

Streets for Pedestrians

So it was with the auto buses, a whole column of which stoo blocked in the Rue de Richelien for the better part of the afternoon, unable to make the crossing at the junction of the Boulevard des Italiens and the Boulevard Montmartre. It seemed as if the Parisians and their Allied guests were determined, for one day at least, to rule supreme over all traffic and to have the streets to them selves for their victory party.

In the Place de la Concorde, to which, because of its name, doubtless, a great crowd repaired, the breed blocks of the captured German cannon were jocularly slammed, and the muzzles peered into by all the children who could crawl and climb up to them, or who had guiding parents to boost them to the place of vantage. The stately statues of Lille and Strasbourg were banked as never before with flowers and flags to celebrate their deliverance. And as the crowd swirled round and round the great obelisk in the center of the square they were showered from the sky by Italian airmen, who, flying over the city in their Capronis, dropped neat little printed messages of congratulation to France "on the recovery of her lost children, blow kisses at the almost invisible specks in the sky. Even through the airmen were too far away to be really kissed, the people they had honored were determined not to forget them.

At night the Place de l'Opéra, ablaze with electric lights for the first time since France went out to war, fairly bulged. Every balcon, every window looking out on it was lined, and the armost of the all paris again.

**Prance went out to war, fairly bulged. Every balcon, every window looking out on it was lined, and the armost of the effect of children, and the printed messages of congratulation to france "or the facility in the printed messages of congratulation to france of the Martine of the square they were determined not to forget them.

At night the Place de l'Opéra, ablaze with electric lights for the first time since France went out to war, fairly bulged. Every b

MARSEILLES LEADS AS RACE TO BERLIN STARTS WITH BANG

Continued from Page 1

those at the big bunch of warehouses a few miles away. The dock gang has to have ears to load and it is consequently up to the warehouse gang to unload cars quickly and get them back to the

Then watch the race—we'll set the pace, And give them seemd place forever!

Brest has been working day and night to win, but sends up a bitter compilation that she can't get enough ships to unload. Major John O'Nell, the Brest Stevedores' chief, sent a Heutenant all around the town with scissors, cutting the question mark out of the "Race to Berlin?" signs. "It's unnecessary," he explained, "we'll win and no question about it." As Brest has seven weeks to recoup in, his guess is as good as the rext man's. If they can only get the exilins, the Brest these swear to double St. Nazaire's 100,000 franc bet and show them how.

At La: Pallice they have a huge property clock, to show the progress of the race. The single hand on it starts at a mark called "La Pallice," and its route is charted to end in New York, via Berlin. The port's slogan, "Will Tons Bloat Hung?" is plastered all over the lown.

Havre, Nantes and Rouen are hustling!

"We held by those negro soldiers who used to make up the old New York 15th and have long been brigaded with the renew a blace though each pipe were have with the united to Colmar.

Civilians Cross Trenches

When the great hour came, across the tranches from our side swarmed a small colting to their kith and kin on the reaches from the righest steeple in Thann the tricolor fluttered gayly, and with the old folks from mites around.

With them, in among them, poilus around.

With them, in among them, poilus around.

With them in a more solders, and the crowd so choked the aisless and steps that the priest could not move forward in the procedule of the words as leave the eyes dim and the leave the process. But the words that he words that he words shale heave the yese dim and the leave the process the firm of the procedule of the firm of the procedule of th

IB CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES IN AMERICA, Nov. 14.—No price fixing ion cotton is likely. There is no prospect that there will be a shortage of cotton, and the cotton investigating committee of the War Trade loard believes that cotton can be satisfactorily marketed without price fixing. There were 7. p. 793,000 bales ginned up to November 1, which is 250,000 bales more than for the same period last year.

GUNS ROAR ON MEUSE AS LAST ZERO ARRIVES

Continued from Page 1

They had heard it again and again dur-ng the past fortnight.
"Well, the captain says it's so."
"Hell, who's he? I'll wait till Foch omes and tells me himself."

"itell, who's he? I'll wait till Foch omes and tells me himself."

Why, the preceding Thursday night—hat was the night the envoys came over rom Spa—news that what the dough oy seems to prefer calling the "armistice" had been signed spread like the spanish in from Grandpré to the Meuse. That night the flares inflamed the kies, the rockets streaked the night; and's burst into long-suppressed music, nd the headlights twinkled all along the baddled florry, and there was muci-colding; but, as a matter of fact, nothing much more demoralizing to the memy could well have been staged that his spectacle of the First American Yrmy celebrating something he had not beard.

All along the 77 miles held by the

UNKISSED SOLDIERS FEW

Arm in Arm Is Rule of Street.

With Taxis Carrying Everyone

Who Cares to Climb Aboard

Though it was a price that reflected the content of the cont

Itine.

Attack Before Vigneulles

Probably the hardest fighting being done by any Americans in the final hour was that which engaged the troops of the 28th, 92nd, 81st and 7th Divisions with launched a fire-eating attack above Vigneulles just at dawn on the 11th. It was no mild thing, that last flare of the batter, and the order to cease firing did not reach the men in the front line mention.

Continued from Page 1

tire on page 6) stipulate that the armistice is to be in force for 36 days, and that it may be denounced by either side of 48 hours' notice.

On Saturday night came the news of the Kaiser's abdication. The commander for the Grant line world's history, boarded a train and fied the new force of the force of the battery of the fighting organization in the world's history, boarded a train and fied

thanks-miles SHOE SHINE MASSAGE

Rerlin. The port's slogan, "Will Tous Bloat Huns?" is plastered all over the Inwin.

Havre, Nantes and Rouen are hustling night and day, making the Belgians and British at the first named place and the the Tommies, at the latter marvel at their zeal. "Not a bit fed up, eh, lads" is the way Friend Thomas puts it.

To judge from the figures and the enthusiasm, none of the ports are.

NO COTTON PRICE FIXING

IIB CABLETO THE STAILS AND STRIPPS. AMERICA, Nov. 14.—No price fixing on cotton is likely. There is no prospect that there will be a shortage of cotton, and the cotton investigating committee of the War Trade loard believes that cotton can be satisfactorily marketed without price fixing. There were 1-793,000 bales ginned up to November 1. which is 250,000 bales more than for "It is II o'clock. The war is over."

The best and largest choice at cheapert pieces
TIRANTTY
91 Rue Lafayette PARIS
corner of Flot. Poissonners, Metro.: Polssonnibre
Near the Coare Tive and Care du Nord.
ENGLISH SPOREN.

EMPIRE DISSOLVES

Continued from Page 1

neulles just at dawn on the 11th. It was no mild thing, that last flare of the battle, and the order to cease firing did not treach the men in the front line until the last moment, when runners sped with it from fox hole to fox hole.

Then a quite startling thing occurred. The skyline of the crest ahead of them grew suddenly populous with dancing soldiers and, down the stope, all the way to the barbed wire, straight for the Americans, came the German trooss, they came withoutstretched hands, earlocar grins and souvenirs to swap for cigarettes, so well did they know the little weakness of their foe. They came to tell how pleased they were the fight had stopped, how glad they were the state band departed for marts unknown.

On Monday the German Government, assuming there is one, asked, through

On Monday the German Government, assuming there is one, asked, through the foreign secretary, Dr. Solf, that the President of the United States arrange for the opening of peace negotiations immediately, "as there is a pressing danger of a famine."
That same day President Wilson, addressing a joint session of Congress, stated that steps were being taken to supply the Central Powers with food on the same systematic plan which fended starvation from Belgium in the days of Terman occupation.

AU CHAPFAU ROUGE Improved Cleaning for the Army and Ambulances

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VICTORIOUS YANKS YIELD TO POILUS

classes. The young officer at his elbow asked him to look due west. What did as see? Well, not much—the road to the forest full of traffic, no shell fire, a rippled airplane in the field below.

"Lord, Lord, what good are those also white the fire that t

to nursery on the second floor and the un, shining in the window, just touches i cradle there. Inside that cradle, man siny daughter. I have never seen herefore. She was born since I sailed to France."

Meanwhile, on the roads below, the Englacers were working with a will. Notine to celebrate, for the roads must be kept in shape. But they sang as they worked.

Send the word, send the word over there. That the Yanks are coming. The words, in that hour, had cartifeed a new significance. While here and there across the devastated land where Yanks were at work, you could hear a knot burst into song. And the burden of all the songs was this:

It's home, boys, home, it's home would to be.

Home, boys, home in the land of liberty So came to an end the 11th of November, 1918—the 585th day since America entered the war.

ARMISTICE SIGNED,

HOHENZOLLERNS GO,

EMPIRE DISSOLVES

Within Grenade Reach

both sides.

Within Grennde Reach
Then consider the troops that had to fight their way across the Meuse and the Canal de l'Est above Brieulles, the men of the 5th Division who set up their bridges under shell fire and, actually petted by hand grenades, walked, waded, swam, blustered their way to the heights on the other side, nor stopped there but pushed on by fighting a none too easy advance of 15 kilometers. If the line held by the First American Army at the hinge of the Western front is to be said of the hinge of which the first and the 3th the divisions in line in that region were, from left to right, the 77th, the 2nd, the 89th, the 90th, the 5th and the 30th.

THANKSGIVING CHORUS PLAN

THANKSGIVING CHORUS PLAN

AMERICA, Nov. 14.—The National council of Women is planning a might Council of Women is planning a mighty chorus of rejoicing for 4 p.m. Thanks giving Day. All America, all the men on ships in port or at sea, and all the A.E.F. are asked to join in a unified program of patriotic songs.

CHARLES DILLINGHAM

Greetings to the Boys

"OVER THERE" From the New York

HIPPODROME "OVER HERE"

AMERICAN BARBER SHOP

5 Edouard VII Street Opposite V.M.C.A. Information Bureau

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Every Man in Service

has every-day need for old, reliable 3-in-One

After firing, clean the barrel of your piece with a solvent to remove smokeless powder residue. Then

3+in+One Oil

to prevent all rust and tarnish. Oil all the operating parts with 3-in-One: rub a little on barrel, bayonet and This will keep your piece always in first-class condition—ready for quick action and critical inspection.

3-in-One has been the old Army stand-by for years. Ask the man higher up how many different things he uses 3-in-One for. The list will surprise you—till you try it a dozen ways yourself.

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SPAULDING & CO.

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Has opened reading, writing and rest rooms at 3 Avenue de l'Opéra, Paris.

These rooms are open daily from 9 a.m. to 20 p.m. and all Soldiers and Sailors of the Allied Forces are cordially welcome at all times.

The Christian Science Monitor, other publications of the Society, the Bible and the Text Book of Christian Science, "Science and Health" with "Key to the Scriptures" by Mary Baker Eddy, will be furnished tree by the Committee to any Soldier or Sailor of the Allied Armies upon request.

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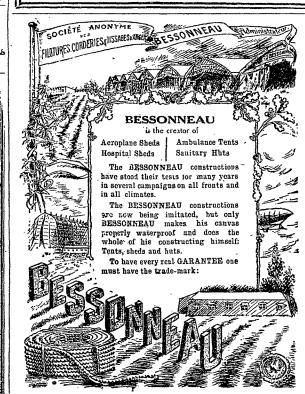
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Fresh from the U.S.A.



A.E.F. ADOPTS 133 GIFT ORPHANS AS **ARMISTICE COMES**

Total of Christmas Parrains Now 747; Officers Raise Their Score

ANOTHER GENERAL BUYS

Major Can't Get Twins, but Fathers Two Children—Chemical Service Takes Nine

Well, here we are, running right along like the river of "I told you So's." Can't stop for such things as

armistices and peace.

The Kaiser has gone to Holland and got in Dutch (may we be forgiven that one), the war has blown up, and nothing to do except go fishing in the Rhine ing to do except go fishing in the Rhine and figuring out a campaign against the old guy who has been sticking around the girl we left behind. But the French war orphans and THE STARS AND STRIPES Orphan Department are still with you men. Trust us till the endanyhow until the transports start leaving.

ing.
One hundred and thirty-three was the one hundred and thirty-three was the score of Christmas gift war orphans adopted in the week ending simultaneously with hostilities, making the A.E.F's total of juvenile dependents, on that memorable November 11, 1,251, and the total 747 since the Christmas campaign started, a number which has already swamped the Red Cross committee in charge of finding, investigating, and allotting the children. We must advise that this work is a little behind, owing to the mass of detail work necessary in the case of each child. But we'll eatch up.

Also, we want to ask that anybody who has any ideas about the future of the A.E.F's orphan family in France after we are gone to send in their ideas. We don't want it to slump off like the war did with us—leaving us with a month's pay and nothing saved for the future, as it were. By Christmas, or sooner, we want to have some kind of a scheme worked out whereby our influence can be continued after we leave, and we want suggestions as to how to do it from the rest of the paternally responsible Army.

More Stars in Orphan Sky

More Stars in Orphan Sky

We got another general this week. This makes three for the Christmas campaign. Not such bad fellows after all. This one was Brig. Gen. E. B. Babbitt, of the — Artillery Brigade, and he said:

all. This one was Drig. Gen. E. B. Babbitt, of the — Artillery Brigade, and he said:

"The work is a most commendable one in that it helps to maintain this most wonderful French nation. May the generations you are now fostering maintain the standards set by the present generation of fighters, idealists and patriots."

Besides this, in the list of individual adopters were three majors, five captains, eight lieutenants, one lieutenant-commander of the Navy, and one corporal. Yep, a non-com getting his name right in amongst the people again.

It was the appeal to the generals that brought in one of the majors, Major Mallet, founder and commanding officer of the France-American Mallet Reserve, who, incidentally, took two children. He wrote:

1. As a sequence to your unveiled hist of October 25 concerning the adoption of war orphans by generals. I feel justified in taking a couple, although

2. not a general, but

3. commanding officer of a Franco-American unit.

4. Hence, I enclose the necessary funds

ican unit. Hence, I enclose the necessary funds

purpose. choice would be one girl and one if possible, twins, with one fair, it possible, and one dark, and with curly hair (it possible). I shall expect to hear from these ren, but

they must not be bullied into writing in English, as I understand French

to me in English, as I understand French pretty well.

11. having been taught that language from an early age.

We regret that we haven't any twins in stock and that, as heretofore explained, the adoption of two children in the same family is against the policy of spreading the money thin and making it go as far as possible. But we've got something just as good. (Ex-drug clerks, please take notice.)

Chemical Warfarers Come In

Mention for distinguished service in adoptions goes to a lot of organizations and groups this week. The Chemical Warfare Service is conspicuous in the table of new parrains. They took nine children, all told.

The officers, field clerks and enlisted men at G.H.Q. took eight children in addition to a family already notable. One regiment of Infantry from New York took 15, one for each company.

Base Hospital No. 10 took ten and said:

is ought to give us an assorted lot us to sex and complexion. We think it even include a red behaled, stub l, speekled face boy of ten or less. Base Hospital has the distinction of the first hospital unit to land in ce, and quite naturally it has been our lege to point the way to others in many 85.

being the first hospital unit to, land in France, and quite naturally it has been our privilege to point the way to others in many things.

The memory was raised by offerings in Sunday evening church services from the calisted personnel, nurses and some friends from neighboring units. The afferings from the officers of the unit totaled 3500 frances and there's not a general, a colonel or a ghould be credited with enough to support a first home when this war is over. Fine. We'll do this, We've already got the war called off, and—

Battery E. — Art., C.A.C., took six children; the Ordnance Armament School at St. Jean de Monte, and the Emilisted Men of Base Hospital No. 9 each adopted four Company D. Ammunition Train, became the partial tof three. Base Hospital No. 9 wrote:

At first we intended to raise only footenees for one orphar. This was on payday, when all the constitution are not all the constitution and a good start toward a third, so, shortly afterward, at a Red Cross celebration, a collection was taken up which put us in the same dilemma. We had enough for two children alone in the wear of the fourth was soon made up, however, and an even amount finally reached.

The — Artillery Observation School and Flight C, 800th Aero Repair Squadron, sent in 1,000 francs by a travel order which would impress the most hard-bolded R.T.O. This was it:

Putsuant to authority contained in THE STAILS AND STRIPES and in the memory of the dead FATHERS OF FRANCE. One Thousand France will proceed immediately by mail to I Rue des Italiens, Paris, reporting, and on all the first of the service of HIMANTTY.

The collection was the collection was companied to authority contained in the memory of the dead FATHERS OF FRANCE. One Thousand France will proceed immediately by mail to I Rue des Italiens, Paris, reporting, and on all one girl.

The enlisted men and the officers of HIMANTTY in eccessary in the service of HIMANTTY in exercise of HIMANTTY.

ADOPT A CHRISTMAS GIFT WAR ORPHAN!

On September 27 THE STARS AND STRIPES announced a Christmas campaign for the temporary adoption of 500 little French war orphans—a campaign to provide each of them, as the Christmas gift of the A.E.F., with food, clothing, comfort. schooling for an entire year. So generous was the response that, within five weeks and with Christmas still two months off, the entire 500 had found godfathers in O.D.
Therefore, THE STARS AND STRIPES (through the cooperating Red Cross committee, which administers the care of the A.E.F's adopted orphans) has listed from the tens of thousands of fatherless French homes more children to meet future demands. Until Christmas we will offer these children to the Santa Claues from overseas—
CHRISTMAS GIFT WAR OR-PHANS AT 500 FRANCS EACH (19 pounds, 5 shillings, English money).

the U.S. Ambulance Service with the French Army, through their newspaper, The Radiator, each took a child; three Y.M.C.A. workers took one between them, and a regiment of South Carolina. Infantry, which, organized in 1807, supplied three companies of Infantry in the Civil War, became a distinguished parrain. The 840 Aero Squadron took a child, and said:

We're a flighty bunch, but your adoption scheme gave us a rise and now we've landed with full force. The C.O. was the propelling force and every one from the top to the buck banked his bit. Elevation in an old general control of the propelling that the state of the propelling of the propelling force and every one from the top to the buck banked his bit. Elevation in an old general control of the propelling that the propelling of the Company of the propelling of the Company of the propelling of th

cliance to rise above our best plane and every one swing into formation hitting on all 12.

Kind of acroplanish, that letter, but, we know what it's about.

Also, this week there was a notable fractional contribution. An Army field clerk forwarded 125 francs for the orphan cause, and the captain that censored his letter was so touched that he touched everybody else in the office and then himself for an additional 165 francs.

francs.

How is that for an example to censors! Maybe we've found a way to get even with those birds, after all.

How to Adopt an Orphan

How to Adopt an Orphan
Any company, platoon, detachment, office staff—in short, any unit or individual—can adopt a Christmas Gift War Orphan simply by contributing 500 francs for its support for one year. The money is sent to THE STARS AND STRIPES, and by it turned over to a special committee of the American Red Cross for disbursement. The Red Cross itself stands all expenses incurred in administering the War Orphan funds. Thus, every cent contributed to take care of a Christmas War Orphan is spent on the actual care of the child. No restrictions are placed upon the methods by which money may be raised to adopt a Christmas Gift War Orphan. Send all communications regarding the Christmas Gift War Orphan to THE STARS AND STRIPES, 1 Rue des Italiens, Paris, France.

This Week's Adoptions

or phana nere adopted this neek
follows:
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TAKEN THIS WEEK.
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LITTLE LONG LOST TOWNS ECHO PEAL OF VICTORY AS FIRING CEASES

Meuse Liberates 150
French Villages

HIDDEN TREASURES AIRED
Jubilant, Half Incredulous Population Greets Yank Liberators
With Tears and Hospitality

The American soldiers summoned into lime for the third and last phase of the Argonne drive will remember it all the days of their lives. But the memory that will le always closest to their hearts and will color most beautifully the stories they are to tell their children in the glorious years to come is not the memory of the spreak, which was rulumphant, nor of the spreak, which was exhausting boyond all words. It is, rather, the memory of the scores of communities reclaimed in the path that leads from Grandpè to Sedan, the little, old lost towns of France.

From the American Advance

Along

up with her kitchen the table for the colonel's mess. At least the colonel's mess. At least the colonel's mess. At least the colonel's mess at least from his mess was to sme, how it proved quite impossible to sup spect to Mine. Morable that they was no need for her bringing to the table every tired and hungry doughboy she could drag from the highway.

Some of the good things served in the field lost towns on the first day of the deliverance had been hoarded for the deliverance had been hoarded for the deliverance had been hoarded for the was no repeated by the first day.

The American soldiers summoned into limite of the deliverance had been hoarded for the deliverance had been hoarded for the was no the first day.

The American soldiers summoned into limite, and the summon and discourage to the creating of the first day.

The American soldiers summoned into limite, and the limite, and the limite, and summon and the limite, and speak and speak and speak and again in the days of requisitions. Then, from fit shifting places which particularly derided the days of requisitions. Then, from fits hiding place which particularly derided the limite, and which was relieved to the first day of the fits was no the first day of the was nown the first day of the fit was no the first day of t days of their lives. But the memory that will lie always closest to their hearts and will color most beautifully the stories they are to tell their children in the glorious years to come is not the memory of the pursuit, which was triumphant, nor of the speed, which was exhausting beyond all words. It is, rather, the memory of the scores of communities reclaimed in the path that leads from Grandprè to Sedan, the little, old lost towns of France.

From that misty September morning when the First Army struck its first blow northwest of Verdun to that misty November morning when the order, "Ccase fring," sounded from Switzerland to the sea, more than 150 towns and villages were won back by force of arms.

and villages were won back by force of arms.

Some of these, the first recaptured, are so nearly obliterated that those who had lived there all their days will find not one familiar wall or door to greet their desolate return. But others—more than half of all—were little hattered by the war, and in all of those from Buzancy northward a half-incredulous, altogether jubilant, population stood waiting with outstretched hands, waiting with laughter and tears and songs and coffee and kisses the advent of their deliverers.

White Elwe of Friendlines.

White Flags of Friendliness

White Flags of Friendliness
Sometimes they went out into the fields, the women and the old men and the children, there to wave sheets as white flags of friendliness and appeal. Sometimes they went fearfully into their cellars and stayed there till they heard the uproarious and unmistakably American voices calling down to them: "The Boches have parteed, the Boches have parteed, the Boches have parteed!"

They were of one spirit, these people, and it was the spirit of the little, old woman of Brieullessur-Bar. It glowed in her even as she stood amid the rains of her bome.

At 3 on the afternoon before, the Germans had fied from the town. At 3:20 the last of them had set off the mines which opened nine craters in the road leading into the village. At 4 came the Americans. The explosion had blown her barn to bits and wrecked her house. Now, while American Engineers were tearing down the remains of that house, to bring a new road into being with the stones, she stood guard over her bits of rescued furniture, huddled in the mud, pollshing them with vigor when she was not too busy patting the passing doughbys on the back to bending in love and reverence to kiss the hand of every pollu who paused to speak to her. Down her wrinkled cheeks the tears were raining steadily, but they were tears of happiness. There was no doubt at all about that. Even with her home a wreck?

"Mon dieu, a house can be rebuilt. It is not so with the life of a man."

Mme. Morale of Anthe Thus Poles and Cross in Switzerland, brief let.

Muc. Morale of Authe

Thus spoke the litle of a man."

Muc. Morale of Authe

Thus spoke the litle of a woman of
Briculles-sur-Bar. The same inquenchable fire lighted the syes of Mmc. Morale of Authe when she stood in the doorway of her home waving a tricolor as the Yaukees marched into the town.

Mmc. Morale is the name she acquired among the people of Authe during four most bitter years. No matter what the news from the front, no matter what poison the Germans distilled for the minds of the imprisoned towns, there had never been any flagging of the spirit of Mmc. Morale.

She is 74 years old, but no one in hospitable Authe was quite so energetic as she in preparing great tubs of coffee and soup for the oncoming Americans. As for her house, in a twinkling she had turned it into a colopel's P.C. and set

of their methods.

Minute Tapioca Company Orange, Mass. From the

Minute Man of '76

t but deadly work It seems that skinned troops spend much of their time every evening before taps sharpening these wicked instruments of destruction until the blades are exceedingly keen and

so thin that a vital cut leaves no visible wound.
Al Joison, the famous black-face comedian, now playing at the Winter Garden, told a good one at the Memorial Day matinee concerning the actions of one of

these negroes, which brings out clearly the effectiveness

went over the top, every man gripping his razor tightly in his right hand. The enemy trench was soon taken and the visible occupants quickly and silently put out of the way, when a Hun officer who had been hiding in a dugont suddenly loomed up in the darkness.

The negro nearest him made a vicious pass at his

The negro nearest him made a vicious pass at his throat. The officer, however, never budged from his tracks—instead, with an ugly scowl grabbed his gun and exclaimed insolently in very good English, "Never touched me, Rastus." Never touched you—hell—" said the big negro undismayed and perfectly at ease. "Just wait 'til you try to move your head to aim that gun." "Would you believe it," said Al, "dat Hun jest naturally had a total eclipse quicker than one can say Old Black Joe."

I salute vou.

THE MINUTE MAN OF '76.

He said that one night a company of these troops

cloquence of the toasts drunk then and there to the glory of France and Amerique.

The gentle, humorous old cure of Chemery—Abbé Cochin—he, too, had hidden away some bottles for the day of days, a bottle of rare Burgundy and a bottle of champagne. He saved them jealously from that unforgettable night in August, 1914, when the Germans took the town, till one day in June, 1918, when, sick and a little discouraged, he drank them both himself.

The cure was one of those who took to the cellar when the tide of battle swept through Chemery. Finally, he and his bonne heard the neighbors pounding on the door above and shouting, "Come up.come up. the Americans are here!"

How their hearts leaned, how choked with happiness they were! They could scarce" mount the steps, scarce believe their ears and eyes. But it was quite true, what the netgibors had said, and before long a lot of jolly, muddy, tired Americans were gathered around the dinner table which, for the first time in four years, shone with the cure's silver hat had been hidden all that time under the rabbit hutches in the garden.

Cure Tells Stories

beside them.

Tidings Seep Through

Food was not abundant, but, thanks to the American ravitatilement, it was enough. What they lacked most sorely was word from their own people and idings from the world outside. Once or twice a year, through the offices of the Red Cross in Switzerland, brief letters, no longer than telegrams, would come from their kin on the other side of the battle line, but for news of how that battle was going they had to deepend on attle was going, they had to depend or



AKBON, CRIO, D. S. A.

Paris Office-17 Rue St. Florentia (Near Place de la Concorde)

Lost-One O.D. Blanket

Lost—One O.D. Blanket

In most of these towns, when dawn came last Monday morning, could be heard the jingle of harness on the frosty morning air, the rumpus of the mules, the growing chorus of curses and laughter, the muste of an American regiment waking up. In some the guests were pulling out that day. In the half frozen mud of one of them a little girl of ten, shivery in her gingham dress, was murmuring something about a blanket.

"Well, I'll be damned," said one very small doughboy, rumpling his hair. "I can't stand that."

Then and there his pack was opened up. It was lighter when he took to the road a half hour later. And if any quartermaster takes action in the matter—may God have mercy on his—the quartermaster's—soul!

It was that same morning that the great news came. Surely, bells rang forth the tidings from Rome to San Francisco, but there are some of us who will always believe that, in all the chimes which sounded across the world that morning of November 11, the sweelest notes of all came from the liborated belfries of France.



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Officers, Field Clerks, and Enl. Men. G.H.Q., An. Greenmanton Depol No. 1. Hop. M.G., and Sup. Con., and Cos. A. B. U. Hop. M.G., and Sup. Con., and Cos. A. B. U. Hop. M.G., and Sup. Con., and Cos. A. B. U. Hop. The Control of the to the Minute Men of 1918 in France Persistent rumors have recently leaked through the censor and are circulating around New York to the effect that certain negro regiments somewhere in France are not at all satisfied with the weapons furnished by Uncle Sam for trench work. True to instinct, they are reported to be carrying their trusty razors during night expeditions through no man's land, where they get in outer but deadly work. It seems that these dark-

mander-in-Unief, A.E.F.
Written, edited and published every week by
and for the soldiers of the A.E.F., all profits to
accrue to subscribers' company funds.
Entered as second class matter at United
States Army Post Office, Paris, France.
Guy T. Viskniskki, Capt., Inf., Officer in
Charge.

Advertising Director for the United States at Canada: A. W. Erickson, 381 Fourth Ave-ue, New York City.

General Advertising Agents for Great Britain: to Dorland Agency Ltd., 16 Regent Street, andon, S.W.1.

London, S.W.1.

Fifty centimes a copy. Subscription price to soldiers, 8 francs for six months; to civilians, 10 francs for six months. Local French paper money not accepted in payment. In England, to soldiers, 6s. 6d. for six months; to civilians, 8S. Civilians subscriptions from the United States \$2 for six months. Advertising rates on application.

CAUGO.
THE STARS AND STRIPES, G2,A.E.F.,1Rue des Italiens, Paris, France. Telephone, Gutenberg 12.95. London Office, Goring Hotel, London, S.W.1.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1918.

GENTLEMEN, TO FRANCE!

In the hour of victory, what member of the A.E.F. could hope to express in mere words the feeling of eternal comradeship and eternal gratitude of the men of the A.E.F. for France?

and eternal gratifude of the men of the A.E.F. for France?

We know the great part that our other gallant Allies have played in this war. We are proud of them and what they have done. By the blood they spilled for us and we for them, in our hearts they will ever remain our Allies. But we are sme that all of them join us, in one accord, in this hour of triumph in raising the goblet of Victory to la belle France and drinking deep to her unquenchable spirit of liberty, equality, fraternity, to her undispayed and unconquerable poilus.

To France, then, each of us, her Allies—and God shower her bountifully in the good time coming for all that she went through, for all that she endured in the black years of the war.

ALL FOR YOU, UNCLE SAM

"ALL Follock vesterday afternoon advanced troops of the First American Army took that part of the city of Sedan which lies on the west bank of the Mense.

The enemy's principal lateral line of com-The enemy's principal lateral line of communication between the fortress of Metz and his troops in northern France and Belgium is by the success of the American Army no longer open to him."

In such words the American communique published last Friday morning announced the cutting in two of the German army on the western front, the accomplishment of one of the principal objectives of

nonsect the curring now of the accomplishment of one of the principal objectives of the great attack at the enemy's vitals which the American Army launched on September 26 between the Meuse and the Argonne, the post of honor in the last grand offensive of the war.

Another prime objective of the American nitack, the greatest battle in American history, both in intensity and number of troops engaged, was the penetration of the German positions in the Meuse-Argonne region to a depth sufficient to bring about the capture of the enemy forces between the Argonne and the sea, or, by the threat of such capture, to compel the withdrawal of the enemy holding that portion of the line from France and the greater part of Belgium.

A third important objective of the Amer-

A third important objective of the American attack was to wrest from the Boche the precious Briey basin, the source of three-fourths of Europe's iron supply.

Despite the desperate efforts of the enemy to keep us from cutting his army in two, we cut it in two. With equal determination, we were driving the enemy's divisions before us in the sure achievement of all our objectives when the finger of Time on Monday morning pointed to 11 o'clock, and lighting ceased all along the front under the terms of the armistice dictated to and accepted by the enemy.

But the hand of time can never erase from the pages of history what American divisions did at the post of honor in the world war of 1914-1918 from September 26 to November 11, 1918. The story of American valor along the Meuse and in the Argonne will shine radiantly through the ages. It will glow in the printed word

the Argonne will shine radiantly through the ages. It will glow in the printed word as long as men read of the deeds of their fathers, as long as the passion of liberty swells in the bosom of mankind. And the glory of that story will be none the less refulgent because of the knowledge that only a year before they went forth with boyish smiles and boyish confidence to face the flower of the German host, massed to hurd thom back and under orders to hold their them back and under orders to hold their positions at all costs, by far the greater part of the personnel of the American divions had been childishly ignorant of the

Green troops we were sneeringly called by the enemy. Green troops our Allies could rightly have classified us, and probably did, before those terrible nightmare days of the war last spring and summer. And green troops we knew ourselves to be, And green troops we know the compared with poils and Tommy, Jock, Aussie and Canuck. But, bringing youth to the war-ware battle hosts, we believed Aussic and Canuck. But, bringing youth to the war-worn battle hosts, we believed in our youth. We believed in the holiness of our cause and the job given to our hands to do. We knew that in our keeping were the liberties of the Republic. We believed in America unconquerable. And that is why today the words Marne, Belleau West Chetter Phierry, Ource Velle, St. Wood, Chateau-Thierry, Ourcq, Vesle, St. Mihiel, Argonne, Meuse, Montfaucon, Fis-mes, Montsec, Cantigny, Bellicourt, Hamel, Seicheprey, Sedan are shining in deathless splendor in Columbia's diadem.

HOLD YOUR HORSES

The armistice is not peace itself. It merely brings peace nearer. It stops actual fighting for a period of 36 days, but hostilities do not cease. Indeed, the armistice can be denounced—and fighting resumed—by one of the contracting parties on 48 hours' notice. The armistice is a military state of affairs, and while it is on we shall be subject to call to perform all of our soldierly duties. Therefore, it is up

The Stars and Stripes

The official publication of the American Excitionary Forces; authorized by the Communication and much restraint. It will hold many of any more for quite some time to come. And the strength of the str

and nuch restraint. It will hold many of us here for quite some time to come. And the way that we handle it will be watched by all the world.

It is not all over but the shouting. It is all over but the working. There are quite a few things that we must finish up before we get our marching orders to proceed up the old gangplank and say "Hoboken, James," to the pilot. The somer and the straighter we get that basic fact through our heads, the better off we will be, both as regards our job and our feelings toward it.

So, let's all hold our horses.

WILLIAM THE COWARD

William The COWARD
While the rearguards of his army were frantically battling with machine guns and rifles to cover the retreat of that once formidable host, William Hohenzollern, late German Kaiser and King of Prussia, fled to a neutral country to gain respite from the wrath of the world. The commanderin-chief of the German army, he deserted it in its lower of greatest need.

the wrath of the world. The commanderin-chief of the German army, he deserted
it in its hour of greatest need.

In that flight over the Datch border we
have at last the full measure of the selfstyled War Lord. We see now of what
stuff he was made who exhorted his soldiers to be "as terrible as Atthia's Huns,"
who boasted of his shining sword, who
proudly traced his lineage back to Frederick the Great. We hear nothing now
from him about "old Fritz upobably has
thoughts of his own, and not at all flattering to his descendants. Military failure
would be unforgivable enough to his hard
old Prussian soul, but flight—behold what
a Hohenzollern has come to!
Others can and will judge William
Hohenzollern for his plotting, his sinful
ambition, his breaking of his nation's word.
But whatever crimes against humanity the
lines of circlivation may find him enity

But whatever crimes against humanity the jury of civilization may find him guilty of, the soldiers of the world will never forgive him for running away while the alternative of death in the face of his country's foos or honorable surrender lay open to him—for seeking safety in a neutral land and leaving his men to their fate. William the Damned he has been called, and with justice. But in the eyes of all soldiers, his own included, he will go down in history as William the Coward. But whatever crimes against humanity th

PERDING THE MILLTITUDE

A writer in a recent number of The Outlook, appraising the work of the various auxiliary organizations with the A. E. F., dismisses the Salvation Army in a few lines with the none too well concealed sneer that it makes its principal appeal by feeding "the boys" with home-made pies and doughnuts. In the same article he has a great deal to say about the importance of religious work among the members of what he apparently is not at all certain is not a God-forsaken army.

If Mr. Odell, the self-appointed investigator in question, will turn to the sixth chapter of the Gospel according to Mark, in a book called the Bible, and read it with eyes that see and an understanding mind, A writer in a recent number of The Out-

in a book came the biole, and read it with eyes that see and an understanding mind, he will learn that two thousand years ago Jesus Christ fed a multitude, that was far from its home, with the loaves and fishes to which it was accustomed.

WAN'T TO GO HOME?

It looks sow as though we would all be going home sooner or later, and the lets are on as to when that happy date will be. That is, all of those of us who take care of ourselves this coming winter will go home. Therefore, it would seem to behove us all to take care of ourselves. Those who were here last winter will re-

us all to take care of ourselves.

Those who were here last winter will remember what pneumonia and a few other things did to some of the gang. We wouldn't want to have any of the much larger gang now over come down with any of those things, nor would we want to contract them ourselves. And we can avoid them, to all practical purposes, by following just a few simple rules.

If we don't cough or succee in one another's faces; if we use our handkerchiefs for coughing or succeing, and keep those handkerchiefs clean; if we refrain from spitting anywhere indoors except in the old sawdust boxes, and from spitting on paths and steps and in corners; if we take off and dry our clothes as soon as they get soaking wet; if we resist the temptation to double up in bunks no matter how cold it is, the chances are that we will avoid the so-called winter diseases and be fit and proper to walk up the gangplank with the old outfit. And that, of course, is the one thing that every mother's son of us wants to do.

ANNIVERSARIES

We are nearing the tail-end of the year, happen to fall always exactly one week apart, we call the holidays.

For some of us it will be the second holi-

For some of us it will be the second non-day season in France. For most of us it will be the first. Some of us will look hack to last Christmas and glimpse a cinder-floored Adrian barracks or a blessed trick at K. P. among the snowy Vosges—because didn't we have apple pie, and doesn't it pay to be K. P. when there is apple pie in the offing? Some of us will look back, not on the snowy Vosges, but on an equally snowy tablecloth—snowy, that is, insofar as mortal eye could see it under the load of good things—and on the home fires burning within sight.

The holidays will come again, the same holidays, the same anniversaries. But when we go home there will be other anniversaries—the day we landed, the day we une tered the line, the day we were set down in the S. O. S., the day we won the D. S. C., the day we were wounded, or made corporals, or left the hospital. Among all of these there will be some one day that will he stand out shows all the others. It will he season in France. For most of us it

of these there will be some one day that will stand out above all the others. It will be a different day for every man, so far as 365 can be divided into 2,000,000. And every one will observe it for a different reason.

The Army's Poets

WAR

He did not care if he never returned Back to the world that he knew. He left it, a youth with shriveled soul, And his heart—it was not true.

He did not know and could not see, But war has opened his eyes: It showed him the road to Heaven or Hell, And how a brave man dies.

I've heard a lot of music
As a counoisseur of tone
I've harkened to the operas
And the moaning saxophone.
I've listened to the juzzursy worst,
Int for harmony di their ragumptious
When I've juzzursy worst,
Int for harmony di first
When Yvoune, ha plus joile,
Said, as she looked at me,
"Je vous aime!"

The ginks who play on glasses.

And ring the shiny chimes.
Or the organ at the movies—
I've heard them lots of times.
And the Wops who play the zither,
And accordion to Hoyle.
Have left my cars actingle.
But they never touched the soul
Like Marie, qui est belle,
When she whispered, all, so well,
"Je vous adore."

RHEIN
Some years ago, mein herr, you planned
To give the world to Berlin's sway
Ry havoe wrought in every land
And crime and horror and dismay.
No doubt your tender heart will say
You wish war's methods to refine—
Now things look quite the other way
And France may post her Wacht am Rhein.

The Lusianian soulds say hand
The Lusiania's souls to slay—
Why should your babes and women stand,
Mein herr, more safe from death than they?
Arras and Rheims in ruins lay;
Are Bonn and Manuheim, then, divine
To stand untouched? The guns shall say
When Yankees set their Wacht am Rhein.
LEENVOI

A COOTIEFUL DREAM

l dream that somewhere there's water,
Just gobs and gobs in a tub
That steams like geysers in action,
And towels, yes, Turkish, to rub
My crusted frame to a pinkness,
And I tovey that's practically pure—
And I tall to hunting the cooties
And pray for my dream to endure.

Mother, though I am far away.

And cannot seek thy sympathy.
Thy loving spirit of yesterday
Still fills my heart and strengthens me,
God bless and keep thee, Mother mine,
Till we can meet in peace divine!
FREDERICK W. KURSH, M.T.C.

THE NIGHT IS DONE

Now and then crashed into the solemn harmony of the stars.

of the stars,
In high staccate notes, some anim
Or glustly complained against
ghoulish flare.
Lingering and dying in the air,
Silence and dark return.

And each perhaps a solar scheme. Now following a hopeless course of grim fatality,

But what is death to them? How do they die? Death!—'twas not a noise—'twas just imaginatio

A friendly sound; some whispered words, Relief. The night is done.

WILLIAM GILLIGAN, S.C. TO OUR DAY

The day of calm, the day of care,
As woe our fates a-wenying;
The day of do, the day of dare,
And heavy hearts a-heaving,
The day of doubts, the day of deeds,
And ne'er a friend a-failing;
The day to follow Him who leads
Against the foe assailing.

The day of minds, the day of men
So meet with purpose merging:
The day of might, the Rule of Right,
And all the world a-purplag;
'The day of blood, of tooth for tooth,
And then—our foe a-fawning;
The day of days when Truth meets Truth,
And O, the vletry dawning!
CORP. R. V. RANDOLPH, U.S.A., P.O.

But there on Flanders' blood red fields, Where men are broken or made, He fought the battles of flesh and soul While he had red blood to wade.

He swallowed the acid taste of fear That rankled up in his throat; And fought the one great fight of man, And crossed, with God, the mont.

Yes, crossed the most and won his fight, And went through the purging fire— And a man like the pure white illies of Sprang from out of the mire.

Yes, how he dies and how he lives, And should fight the battles of peace. So now it natters if he never returns When this wild turnoil shall cease, LLOYD LUZADRE, Pvt., Inf.

"I LOVE YOU"

The Your adore:

I've heard John Philip Sousa
Play nll his famous stuff,
And the art of the Victrola
Has lured me oft enough;
But though I give them credit
In their annateurish way,
When it comes to downright music
I heard it first that day,
When Odette, ma cheric,
Murmered tenderly,
John Pierre Roche 2nd Lt., Q.M.C.

BALLADE OF THE WACHT AM

The London-humbing sport was grand And shelling Paris seemed but play. But Essen—"Oh! Withhold your hand?" And Frankfurt—"Kamerad, keep away!" When Ypres first gasped in chlorine spray How German chemists' eyes did shine! How will you take your chlorine, pray, When England mounts her Wacht am Rhe

Kaiser, the daschund has his day And when 'tis done, he should not whine; Safe in his kennel he shall stay While Allies keep the Wacht am Rhein, JOSEPH MILLS HANSON, Capt., F.A.

There's a dream that comes to me sometim When angels stand at my bed, A vision that's so beatific There's nothing left to be said. I bask in its golden wonder. Like some Arabian night. This dream that comes to me sometimes, To me in my cootieful plight.

MOTHER

e upon a storny night f crashing clouds and slanting rain, dead, brown leaves whirling in hight, rom branches gronning as in pain, Within a house there lay a child: Frail body weary, pain-defiled.

(Death howered near, within, without;
Winds whirled and wailed, while watchers
the smiling form still moved about
When others, over-wearied, slept;
What weariness, what wind above.
Can overcome a Mother's love?

As morning dawned, the sun's bold face Melted the clouds, absorbed the rain; The wind ceased from his weary chase—And in that house hope came again. But, Mother, 'twas thy tender care That saved my life, thy trusting prayer.

So, through the years, when some friends failed Or did not share a helping hand. When mischance came, and others railed, When faith was feeble, strength unnanned, Mother, on thy loving breast I gained new courage, hope and rest.

Some whispered words, and then I was alone In the vast temple of the Night; How much it seemed like early youth When darkness holds a myriad cronching forms-Another infancy.

Again the stars, unnumbered save by an infinity.

If senseless form and motion have no end, Why then should I? And their beginning, 'ere the nebulae— If mystery enshroud the first, why not the last?—

WILL HAVE THEN WE



COMING UP FOR AIR

o the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:
Having had a life-long acquaintance with the two Vin sisters, Rouge and Blane, and having contributed enough francs to assure all of the estaminet owners in France a life of comfort and ease. I now take up the old Waterman with a determined grasp, with a husky voice and inky eyes, to mutter, as did the Yank doughboy capturing a Boche machine gun and swinging it around 180 degrees, "Turn about is fair play."

For (every worthwhile argument, like a good golf game, must begin with that clarion sound), as I briefly mentioned above, having aligned myself with the wets for so long, I now intend to give my support to the drys. Which brings me to the point at issue. Certain well meaning souls and supersaturated stomachs have determined that our dear United States—the birth place of such tamous celebrities as Tom Collins, Mint Julep, Johnny Walker, the brothers Haig and many more; those beloved States—embracing the flourishing cities of Milwaukee, New Orleans and New York, famous respectively for its original brown bottle, its gin fizz, and the borough cocktails, Manhattan and Bronx—those well meaning and S. S. mortals have decreed that henceforth and forever ad infinitum our States one and all shall be freed from the taint of liquor.

I am thoroughly and heartily in accord with

liquor.

I am thoroughly and heartily in accord with the prohibition movement, but I modestly believe that prohibition will never come about without my aid. And so it is that I appeal to you, my brothers of the A. E. F., through the greatest 50 centime weekly extant, to give me ur support.

your support.

You will all agree that you have drunk your share of liquor—maybe more than your share. Down with liquor, say I. Remember our motto: "United we stand; divided we stagger." Let us organize and formulate our plan here in France so that when we return home we can deal liquor a staggering blow.

I shall unfold my plan now and I openly invite discussion through these columns. There are two ways of getting rid of liquor: (1) By prohibiting its manufacture. (2) By drinking it. We must adopt both means, for even were the manufacture of liquor to cease this minute, there would still exist thousands of quarts still to be done away with. It must be done away with even the most feetotaling Prohibitionist will grant this) but we want to do away with it with the minimum of effect upon those who have to do this great work—the drinkers.

the drinkers.

Now, you can't raise your hand to an oncoming. 77 and say "Stop." It can't be done. Neither will the one word "Kamerad" stop the doughboy's bayonet. These things must cease gradually. So with this drink business. It can only be stopped gradually (the superior minds of the S. O. S. will easily follow the logical nature of my argument) and I propose the being this about by water.

logical nature of my argument) and 1 propose to bring this about by water.

"What is water?" I can hear the great vinconsuming mob of doughboys ask. I shall give you five famous definitions of water:

(1) The president of a British mess received a two weeks leave for defining water as "That which follows Black and White." Otherwise leaves as a chaser.

n as a chaser.

A now famous Engineer graduated from
Point at the head of his class by placing

(2) A now famous Engineer graduated from West Point at the head of his class by placing on his examination paper, in answer to the question, "What is water?" "The stuff they put under bridges."

(3) The third famous definition we owe to Diogenes. That gentleman, searching with his lantern for an honest man, strange to say found him at the Grecian Milk Dealers' Convention. "What," said Diogenes, "is water?" "Water," the milkman replied, "is that which whon mixed equally with milk results in a concoction known as latt."

(4) Water to the fish is that without which he would not be what he is.

(5) To the shell-hole inhabiting and mud-covered doughboy, water is that which, when it droppeth gentify from Heaven, causes one to be what is known as wet.

Now that I have made clear what water is, we will proceed with the question at issue, viz., how to make the country safe for prohibition.

viz., how to make the country safe for pro-hibition.

Firstly, as I said above, we will by force o

will do by the simple expedient of compelling all bartenders to serve all their liquors with a certain percentage of water contained there. In—say 33 per cent for a starter.

Every day thereafter the bartender will be compelled to add 1 per cent more water and therefore 1 per cent less, fiquor. You can easily see that in five days a customer will be drinking a mixture containing 33 per cent water and 47 per cent liquor; in 50 days, 53 per cent water and 47 per cent liquor, in 60 days, 93 per cent water and 7 per cent liquor. At the end of 66 days it will be time to call a halt. Thereafter the percentage will remain fixed; i. c., 99 per cent water and 1 per cent liquor until the liquor in the country is exhaisted. The change in proportion will have been accomplished so gradually that the steady drinker will scarcely have noticed it, and at the end of 66 days he will enjoy the new mixture as much as he formerly did the reversed proportions, and with the minimum of harm, for even the president of the W. C. T. U. will have to grant that 1 per cent liquor mixed with 39 per cent of water is a harmless concection.

The occasional drinker would discern the

with 99 per cent of water is a harmless concoction.

The occasional drinker would discern the change, but he doesn't count the steady drinker in our problem. We will have him in a little more than two months ordering his favorite drink and consuming it with as much zeal as he formerly did a drink containing 98 per cent more liquor.

The advantages of my plan are obvious:

(1) The drinker still drinks and enjoys his drink, but derives no harm therefrom. So we have the happy though temperate drinker.

(2) The chief hue and cry raised against prohibition is silenced, for the bartender is not thrown out of a job and he is making 98 per cent more than formerly, for the water tax is negligible. Furthermore, he is doing a good work for civilization.

(3) Liquor is being gotten rid of in the best way possible.

(4) Prohibition attains its deserved place

(3) Liquor is seeing section way possible.
(4) Prohibition attains its deserved place and we are all happy.
The campaign can be conducted with the aid of Monday morning talks on sobriety, Monday of course being the best day to get over your

arguments.

Sir, I modestly submit my plan for the approval of the A. E. F. I invite discussion.

Humbly yours,

Holder of the following records:

1914—Winner of the Yale-Princeton Stone
Ale Championship.

1915—Winner of the Pan-American Mixed
Drinks Championship.

1916—Member of the Intercollegiate Schooner Crew at Poughkeepsie.

1917-18—Official tester of all liquors left behind by the Boche.

GINGER IS FOUND

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

We notice your advertisement in THE STARS AND STRIPES if regard to the whereabouts of a dog named Ginger.

We beg to state that the above mentioned dog has been transterred permanently to the — Aero Squadron at this post. Said dog was arrested by the civilian police of Wendover for killing one chicken, and was fined seven shillings and six pence.

Upon his return to camp, he was court martialed by the Judge Advocate of this post for not bringing the chicken home. However, upon further investigation the authorities realized his worth and promoted him to sergeant first class, which rank he now holds.

Any further information in regard to said dog may be communicated to the undersigned for the control of the

legislation prohibit the further manufacture of liquor. Secondly, we will get rid of the remaining liquor with the least harm to those who feel it their duty to down it. And this we

A SISTER'S PRAISE

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:
Since coming over here, about three months ago, I have had to travel around France alone a number of times. It has been no easy task for a woman speaking only a few words of French.

But always I have found the local American M. P.'s, the men stationed at the Provost Marshal's and R. T. offices, were my everlasting help in time of need. Their unfailing courtesy and willingness to go out of their way to help me check baggage, get my transportation and locate lost baggage was a source of wonder, in face of all the demands made on them.

When individual members of these organizations made time in the mad rush to see that I got a seat, carried my hand baggage to the train for me and invariably tried to put me in compartments with Americans, and once or twice ran back and thrust into my hands copies of THE STARS AND STRIPES or American magazines, my admiration was boundless.

They are a little heralded part of the A. E. F., and I take this opportunity of paying them this humble tribute. Nottling too good can be said for them and for every member of the A. E. F. with whom I've traveled, all of whom seem to have taken upon themselves the duty of looking after their American sisters engaged in war work.

KATHICEN HILLS, A. R. C.

WORK AND PLAY

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:
Our organization has nover contributed any news to our own paper, so here goes a little item which may be of interest to other Engineer bands. Our band consists of 27 pieces, a volunteer band, doing our eight hours work per day, two hour rehearsals and four concerts ner week. However, we do not stop there, but are putting on vaudeville acts, minstrols and other pieces. In our bunch we have a number of professional vaudeville performers and actors.

Now that you know us, we'll cite the news. At one camp where we were stationed 15 mem.

Now that you know us, we'll the lacks. At one camp where we were stationed 15 members of the band erected a barracks 100 by 20 feet in four days and in beaucoup rain. On the fourth night we selected two orchestras from the band, moved a plano from a nearby Y and put on'a-dance. French girls were there in number and a wonderful time was had by all

there in number and a wonder. The there is number and a wonder. The band here has a quartet known as the "Castle Four." This is the original "Castle Four." Howen to the vaudeville patrons in the States.

Perhaps other bands are engineering as well, but we write hoping other windjammers will know that there is one outfit over here furnishing the boys with entertainment galore.

ENGINEERS' BAND.

A REB SPEAKS To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

About this pro and con argument relative to Yank as a monicker for the A. E. F. I come from a line of rebels who boast that they did not surrender. Until I was quite a husky chap I believed that "damn Yankee" was one word, and Republican its synonym, and knew the rebel yell as a college boy knows his college wall.

not bringing the chicken home. However, upon further investigation the authorities realized his worth and promoted him to sergeant first class, which rank he now holds.

Any further information in regard to said dog may be communicated to the undersigned Fvr. PAUL ARSET, Headquarters American Forces, School of Technical Training, Halton Park Camp, North, Wendover, Bucks, England.

A CLOTHES CURE

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

In your edition of October 25 you bemoan the fact, and justly so, that our justly famed the fact, and justly so, that our justly famed the fact, and justly so, that our justly famed the fact, and justly so, that our justly famed the fact, and justly so, that our justly famed the fact, and justly so, that our justly famed ittle experience along this line.

Fold the trousers and blouse similarly to the way in which they were when issued, then ite in a bundle in the usual way, and when sterilized hang whore they can air for 30 minutes or an hour.

Pyr. Feed P. Oumbus, M. D.

Twice in modern history, Sedan has flamed into a lurid beacon of defeat. It is the burial place of dynasties. Like Waterloo, it saw the extinguishing of a Bonaparte—the last Bonaparte—and the glorification of a Hohenzollern. Now its capture, while not the Single direct cause, at all events coincides with the extinguishing of a Hohenzollern—the last Hohenzollern.

"At four o'clock yesterday afternoon advanced troops of the First American army took that part of the city of Sedan which lies on the west band of the Meuse." Thus opened the American communique of a week ago this morning.

The very name of Sedan is synonymous with humiliation, with sackeloth and ashes, once for France and her Emperor, however estranged the two may have been, now for Prussia and the Prussian principle.

For the two Sedans—the Sedan of 1870 and the Sedan of 1918—spell the beginne whose goal was world dominion, no matter what the price in human life and human right or its own honor.

Septémber 1, 1870

September 1, 1870

The battle of Sedan was fought on September 1, 1870. It resulted in the surrounding of the French Army and its complete and unconditional surrender, and the bearing off into Germany as prisoners of more than 80,000 men and the Emperor of the French himself. It led to the humiliating treaty of Frankfort, the loss of Alsace-Lorraine, the payment of an indemnity of five billion francs.

payment of an independent francs.

The war that virtually ended at Sedan final act of degradation represented the final act of degradation at the hands of a state that had learned the art of degradation well.

That war, if not that battle, was the openly engineered result of the machina-

Trouble."

An Unforgiveable Man

Thus spoke Bismarck in 1877. He stands out as one of the few truly unforgivable men in history. But even if he was a devil, he was at least a great one. The breed of Prussia has produced since then many who were his equals in wickedness, but no one of his stature. The Franco-Prussian war, made out of whole cloth by Bismarck, precipitated by the dectoring of a telegram at the hands of the Iron Chancellor himself, had its seeds in the Prussian will to be the first nation on the continent of Europē, and its immediate cause in the effort to place a Hohenzollern on the throne of Spain.

Spain.

It started badly for France. It was not many days old before General Bazaine was cooped up in the fortress of Metz. To his assistance, on August 23, started a French Army under MacMahon, moving from Châlons, 120,000 strong, toward Montmedy by way of Stenay. Provisions were short, and so a detour was made to Rethel.

Cavalry Reaches Reaumont

Cavalry Reaches Reaumont

It was not until August 27 that MacMalon's own cavalry reached the Mouse
at Beaumont, looking for Bazaine, who
had plenty of time to get that far if
he intended leaving Metz and marching
westward to offect a juncture with the
new French Army.

Not finding him, they guessed rightly
that Bazaine had not budged from Metz,
and MacMalon himself, accepting this
view, counseled a retreat toward Paris.
But on this same August 27, the ministerial council at Paris wired that Metz
must be relieved.

Here there intervened a piece of confusion that was wholly in keeping. A
French corps—General de Failly's—had
orders to march on Beaumont. The staff
officer bearing the orders was captured.
Failly, therefore, as he had been earlier
directed, proceeded to Stenay.

German Shells Come

German Shells Come

German Shells Come

When he finally reached Beaumont, it was four o'clock in the morning, and his men were worn out and hungry. They cooked their meal, setting no outposts, and were at the height of their breakfast preparations when German shells began to burst among them. Soon the German divisions were upon them. The French were roused, not, however, without suffering heavy losses, and Mac-Mahon decided to fall back on Sedan.

The German line that thus blocked the road to Metz lay across a strip of country which the advancing Americans crossed the first week in November, 1918. That line was roughly Vouziers-Buzancy-Stenay.

North of Sedan, between that town and Mézières, lay another Prussian army. MacMahon's intention was to try to break through toward the southeast, reaching Carrignan, 18 kilometers up the Meuse, and so perhaps joining forces with Bazaine. Bazaine, however, was still playing billiards in Metz.

Net Is Drawn Tighter

with Bazaine. Bazaine, however, was still playing billiards in Metz.

Net Is Drawn Tighter

Meanwhile the German hosts were drawing the net tighter and tighter. The only opening in the circle was toward the northeast, in the direction of the Belgian frontier. By 10 o'clock on the morning of September 1, 1870, the ring was virtually complete. Inside it was MacMahon's army—and Napoleon III, last Elmperor of the French.

Whatever his faults, whatever rebuke the judgment of history may have administered to him, and rightly, it is impossible to look back upon him at this time without sympathy. He was desperately III. His throne was tottering. His people and his nation were drinking the bitter cup of defeat. In a few hours he was to leave France a prisoner, nover to see it again, to die in exile. And there is not a hypocritical syllable in the note which he sent personally to the King of Prussia on the evening of this benumbing September 1:

"Sire, my Brother: Not having been able to die in the midst of my troops, it only remains for me to place my sword in the hands of your Majesty."

Begun at Six in Morning

Begun at Six in Morning

Begun at Six in morning. The battle of Sedan had begun at 6 o'clock in the morning. Never was a finer defense put up against more hopeless odds. The king of Prussia himself, watching the desperate attempt of the French to get through the encircling foc cried out in admiration, "Oh, what brave men!"

o'clock in the morning. Never was a finer defense put up against more hopeless odds. The king of Prussia himself, watching the desperate attempt of the French to get through the encircling foc, cried out in admiration, "Oh, what brave men!"

At Napoleon's own orders, the white flag was raised at 3 o'clock in the afternoon. But he sent no envoy to parley with the enemy, so that fighting continued until 5 o'clock, by which time the French were fighting under the very walls of Sedan, now heing bombarded by German guns. It was not until eight in the evening that negotiations on the basis of surrender were actually entered into.

MacMahon had been wounded early in

HENRY'S PAL TO HENRY



I had to go and persuade him to give it back.

P. S.—The old Top just come round to ny dugout and wanted to know if I am oing to buy him a pair of silk plejamas or Christmas. Of course I aint Henry.

WAR RISK PREMIUMS

War risk insurance premiums will ereafter be figured from July 1, ac-ording to a new United States Treas-ry decision. The order reads in part of follows:

as follows:

All insurance heretofore or hereafter written shall be continued at the mouthly premium rate for the age (herest birthday) of the insured, when the insurance became effective; provided that on July 1, 1979, and annually thereafter all such mouthly premium rates shall be changed to the rates for an age of one year higher according to the schedule of premium rates in use by the bureau . in respect of all insurance which shall have been in force as much as 12 months.

Chaplain (to muleskinner in difficul-ties): What would your father say if he could hear you swear like that? Muleskinner: He'd be tickled to death, He's stone deaf.

"Well, after all," said the buck who had just lost a leg in the Argonne, "there's one advantage in having a wooden leg. I can hold my sock up with a tack."

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Officers in the U.S. Expedimentry Vor-

Franse, Nos. sank, 19 dees wheat.
Begates Henry.—Well Henry have you lought any Christmas presents yet for Lucy? If you haven't you are out of Luck maybe because they will all be gone if you don't hurry. There ain't much the lock and stuff in France maybe and if here gin't long will be S. O. L. After mess Henry I had to take it and bought any Christmas presents yet for Lucy? If you haven't you are out of luck maybe because they will all be gone if you don't hurry. There ain't much silk and stuff in France maybe and if

there ain't Lucy will be S. O. L.—
Well you know Henry that old saying back home which is Do your Christmas shopping now. Well I done mine Henry.
I guess Maggie will be awfully pleased

to when she gets her present because its just what, a girl would like I bet. But when I buy Christmas presents again Henry I will be careful who I buy it of. When it comes to buying presents for women folks when you ain't married or nowthing you get to ston and arried or anything you got to stop and link several times before you spen-

place in the mess line and didn't get no cofee.

After mess Henry I had to take it and get Father Duffy to senser it before I rapped it up and what do you think he said to me Henry? He held it up all spread out and started laughing and said, Where does this thing go young man to London or to America?

Well I could see he was wise Henry because I was writing to a jane in London that I met when we come through there a year ago besides to Maggie and of course he has been reading my letters because he has to do the sensoring.

Well Father Duffy is a pretty good old skout and I guess he has been buying something like that for his wife or somebody etc. because he says This is nearly as good as one I sent home only its a little thinner.

Well I got it all rapped up and addressed and mailed Henry and I guess if it gots by all the male klerks of the A. E. F. without one of them getting a whiff of the perfume that's on it maybe Maggie will have it on by Christmas.

So long old skout.

S. T. B.

P. S.—The old Top just come round to married or anything you got to stop and think several times before you spend your money.

Well Henry I happened to get a trip down to a pretty big sized town with the mess sergt, which is not very far from the front lines and where every-body is stocking up with Christmas presents to sell to us Americans.

I was in the town about 2 hours and had about 200 francs and from the way the storekeepers laid out their lingerie etc. for me to see you would think maybe I was John D.'s son or somebody that had come to town to spend his wad.

I didn't know just what to buy for Maggie first Henry so I walked up and down the streets looking in at the windows and pritty soon I come to a window where there was a lot of women's clothes etc. which we ain't supposed to know nothing about, but I sized up the joint and walked in anyway.

A woman come up to me Henry and wanted to know what I wished to buy and when I told her I was looking for something to buy for my best girl she took me by the hand and led me over to a window where there was cnough nice tilings made of silk etc. to make a unmarried man turn read to the cars.

Well Henry the first thing she showed me was one of them things you see under a thin waste that they call over here coverture der waste or something like that.

It was like the one that Miss Jenkins who is the stenographer for old Sam

It was like the one that Miss Jenkins who is the stenographer for old Sam Williams Land office had on that time you and me drunk too much sider down at the danes and walked in at the rong room at the Perkins hotel that time. I guess you remember don't you Henry? It was all flanked with blue silk and was trimmed with pink lace and the rest of it was a kind of sky blue that etc. which was awfully pretty. But I didn't buy that Henry because it was to big around the top and was for a girl that ain't near as petite as Maggie. I guess you know what I mean Henry. Well she showed me some handker-chiefs etc. Henry and some silk stockings and some other stuff which I ain't got no name for. And the worst thing she did Henry was to show me some-thing which was all silk and which she held up for me to see while there was a lot of people looking in at the window. And I guess she wanted everybody to see what I was going to buy for my girl Henry because just while they was all toking she spread it out so they could see just what kind of a thing it was and when I glanced at the window there was the old mess sergt. looking at it. He was laughing and showing that gold tooth of his like he had something real funny to laugh at.

Well Henry old scout it looked so nice etc. and I could imagine how nice it would look on Maggie that I bought it and it cost 90 franks. I don't know what Maggie will say about it but it ought to please her a lot. Girls like to wear things that look nice so maybe she will save it and war it when we are married which will be toot sweet because the war is nearly over.

It is fixed at the waste so it can be adjusted to fit any size of a girl and it has got an additional pleee to it to that is like the other thing the woman wanted to sell me at first and at the top of it around the shoulders there is another adjustment so I guess if she ever had a job as a rapper anywhere she must of got canned because just while I was climbing in the truck the pkg, come undone and the thing dropped to the ground and when I ple

So I rapped It all up myself and when I got back to my outfit I laid it in my dugout and went to mess and while I

the fight. The command devolved upon the fight. The command devolved upon General Ducrot, commander of the First Corps, but orders from Paris were shown proving that in case of accident to MacMahon, General de Wimpffen was to command. A quarrel ensued on the field, and de Wimpffen geined his point. The issue was already lost, and incidents such as this were not likely to retrieve 6th.

Surrender Signed at Donchery

WHEN THE SAILORS COME TO TOWN

Just which branch of the service, the Navy or the Army, is the greater recipient of feminine favor at a certain thase port is a mooted question, and probably always will be. The Navy claims that the Army cuts it out, being in the port all the time. The Army, in its turn, claims that the Navy cuts it out, beeng shored ship for such long stretches, has a chance to save money and always lands in port with a roll in its pocket as well as in its gaft.

The other day a newly landed got was taking exception to the Army's generalization.

"We may have more money than."

was taking exception to the Army's generalization.
"We may have more money than you fellows," he protested, "but it doesn't get us as far as yours. Why? Just because we don't get the chance to keep up on our French."

And indeed, "Sailor French," as the inhabitants call it, is a fearful and wonderful thing compared to the fluent dictation of some of the port's old-timers.

The Navy men on convoy service, who make certain America-Atlantic ports every so often and occasionally enjoy 48 or 52 hours' liberty in God's country before coming back to France again

48 or 52 hours' liberty in God's country before coming back to France again are the frankly envied of all the base port workers of the A. E. F.

"You fellows have got it preity soft," said one of the original 1917 men, eyeing a convoy tar covetonsly. "Just trotting back and forth between home and the war, and getting all the glory while we stay here and shovel coal."

"We do like youknow-what!" retorted the sailer. "Do you know what we see on the parlor mantelpiece every time we go to call on a girl? A picture of one of you birds all dolled up like Astor's pet horse!"

Another thing the Army of the base ports—the ancient part of it, that is—cannot get over wondering at is the weird and foreign-looking green currency which the sailors bring over with

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looks like."

In spite of that, there is on record one soldier who, after his Navy friend had complained that a dinner in New York cost him two whole dollars and a half, blankly inquired:

"Two-fitty? Say, talk English; how much is that in francs?"

The Navy officers, too, have their troubles with the censoring game. At one base port there is quite a blow to the lovesick concealed in the printed rules for polite letter writing. It says: "No crosses or other marks should appear in the text of the letter."

Thus does the Navy, at one stroke of the pen, shatter one of the time-honored customs of amorous correspondence.

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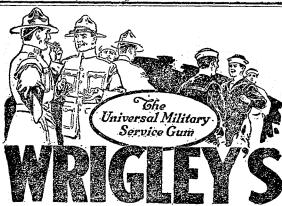


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? .

Bridgeheads to Be Occupied and Strategic Positions Garrisoned

OUR PRISONERS TO RETURN

But Germans in Our Hands Are Not to Be Given Back at Same Time-to Last 36 Days

The complete official translated text of the armistice conditions to which the German plenipotentiaries set their sig-nature is herewith reproduced:

Clauses Relating to Western Front

Clauses Relating to Western Front

-Cessation of operations by land and in air six hours after the signature of armistice.

L-Immediate evacuation of the invaded countries of Belgium, France, Alsace-Lorraine and Luxembourg, so ordered as to be completed within 14 days from signature of armistice. German troops which have not left the above-mentioned territories within the period fixed will become prisoners of war. Occupation by Allied and United States forces jointly will keep pace with evacuation in these areas.

areas.

I.—Repatriation, beginning at once, to be completed within 14 days, of all inhabitants of the countries unove enumerated (including hostages and persons under trial or convicted).

V.—Surrender in good condition by the German armies of the following equipment:

ent: 5,000 guns (2,500 heavy, 2,500 field), 30,000 machine guns, 3,000 minenwerfer, 2,000 airplanes (fighters and bombers, first D 7's and night bombing

machines).

V.—Evacuation by the German armies of the countries on the left bank of the Rhine. These countries on the left bank of the Rhine. These countries on the left bank of the Rhine. These countries on the left bank of the Rhine shall be used to the local authority to the local authority of the local authority of

Mose and wounded who cannot be removed from the evacuated territory will be cared for by German personnel who will be left on the spot with the medical material required.

Clauses Relating to Eastern Frontiers of Germany

Clauses Relating to Eastern Frontiers of Germany
XII.—All German troops at present in any territory which before the war belonged to Russia. Rumania or Turkey shall with draw within the frontiers of Germany as they existed on August 1, 1914, and all German troops at present in territories which before the war formed part of Russia must likewise return to within the frontiers of Germany as above defined as soon as the Allies shall think the moment suitable, having regard to the internal situation of these territories of the straight of the internal situation of these territories to begin at once, and all secretary as a straight of the straight of the internal situation of these territories as to consider the straight of the s

Clause Relating to East Africa XVII.—Unconditional evacuation of all the German forces operating in East Africa within one month.

INTRODUCING "YANKS: A BOOK OF A.E.F. VERSE"

The Stars and Stripes announces the forthcoming publication of "Yanks: A Book of A. E. F. Verse." "Yanks" will contain 96 pages of poems, all of which have appeared in the Army's official newspaper, all of which are by members of the A. E. F. "Yanks," published for you by your newspaper, will be printed in clear type on a good grade of book paper, 7:3-8 by 4:5-8 inches in size, with heavy paper covers.
"Yanks" is now being printed and will soon be ready for distribution. This, the Christmas edition, will be limited, owing to the difficulty of securing paper. Other editions may follow, but we cannot guarantee the receipt in America before Christmas of a single copy of "Yanks" once the first printing is exhausted.

The proceeds of the sale of "Yanks" will be devoted to the comfort of American sick and wounded

in the A. E. F.'s base hospitals.

"Yanks," the best Christmas present any man in the A. E. F. can send home, will cost 2 francs 50 centimes a copy. In order to obviate the risk involved in sending silver, and also to prevent a flood of local paper money, which will not be accepted, copies of "Yanks" must be bought in pairs. If you want one for yourself and want one sent home—we will send it home for you from this office, securely wrapped and for yourself and want one sent home—we will send it nome for you from this office, securely wrapped and postpaid—that will be one way of buying your pair. If you want only one copy, and if someone else in your outfit wants only one copy, pair up with him and send five francs for the pair. The rate for England is four shillings eight pence for the two copies.

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interned or deported who may be citizens of other Allied or Associated States than those mentioned in Clause III.

X.—With the reservation that any future claims are consistent of the Allies and the United States of America remain unaffected, the following financial conditions are required:

Reparation for Damage Done

While the armistice lasts no public securities shall be removed by the enemy which can serve as a pledge to the Allies for the recovery of or reparation for war losses. Immediate restitution of the cash deposin in the National Bank of Belgium, and in general immediate return of all documents, specie, stocks, shares and paper money, together with plant for the issue therein couching public or private interests in the invaded countries. Restitution of the Russian and Rumanian gold yielded to Germany or taken by that Power. This gold to be delivered in trust to the Allies until the signature of peace.

Naval Conditions

the signature of peace.

Naval Conditions

X.—Immediate cessation of all hostilities at sea, and definite information to be given as to the location and movements of all German ships. Notification to be given to neutrals that freedom or navigation in all territorial waters is given to neutrals that freedom or navigation in all territorial waters is given to the naval and mercantile marines of Allied and Associated Powers, all questions of neutrality being waived.

XXI.—All Naval and Mercantile. Marine prisoners of war of the Allied and Associated Powers in German hands to be returned without reciprocity and the Allied and Linited States and United States and United States and United States. Those that cannot put to sea to be deprived of crews and supplies and shall remain under the supervision of the Allies and the United States. Those that cannot put to sea to be deprived of crews and supplies and shall remain under the supervision of the Allies and the United States. Submarines ready to put to sea shall be prepared to leave German norts immediately on receipt of a wireless order to sail to the port of surrender, the remainder to follow as early as possible. The conditions of this article shall be carried out within 14 days after the signing of the Allies and the United States of America, shall forthwith be discumed and thereafter internation of the Allies and the United States of America, shall forthwith be discumed and thereafter internation only caretakers being left on board, namely:

6 battle cruisers.

50 destroyers of the most modern type. All other surface warships (including river craft) are to be designated by the Allies and the United States of America, and pre to be paid off and completely disarmed and placed under the supervision of the Allies and the United States of America.

All vessels of the auxiliary fleet (travarmed.

All vessels of the suxiliary fleet (travarmed.

All vessels specified for internmet shall be ready to leave German ports seven days eleave German ports seven days eleave Germa

All vessels specified for internment shall be a forman ports seven day.

he ready to leave German ports seven flavs after the signing of the armistice. Divisions of the voyage will be given by wireless.

Itoms of the voyage will be given by wireless.

Itom of the voyage will be given by wireless.

Of America to have the right, in waters of America to have the right, in waters of America and minefields and destroy all obstacles placed by the Germans, of which the situation must be indicated.

XXV.—Warships and merchant vessels of the Allied and Associated Powers to be free to enter and leave the Baltic. All the German forts, batteries and defenses of any kind in all the passes between the Cattegat and the Baltic to be occupied; all mines and obstruction in and outside the German forts, batteries will be severed and destroyed. Germany to furnish complete and accurate plans of such mines or obstructions.

Or obstructions.

Or obstructions of the Allied and Associated Powers to be continued as at the sent of the provisioning of Germany during the armistice to such an extent as may be recognized as necessary.

XXVII.—All naval aircraft are to be concentrated and immobilized in German bases to be specified by the Allies and the United States to consider the provisioning of Germany during the armistice to such an extent as may be recognized as necessary.

XXVII.—All naval aircraft are to be concentrated and immobilized in German bases to be specified by the Allies and the United States of America.

XXVII.—In evacuating the Belgian coasts, and not seem and armaments, and all stores and and other hand and arguments, and all stores and and other and arguments, and all stores and constrained and internate and the United States of America; all neutral merchant ships seized are to be released; all warlike and other materials of all kinds exized by German materials, as specified in Clause XXIX.—All Black Sea ports are to be handed over to the Allies and the Unite

to be specined by the Allies and the United States of America without reciprocity. XXII—No destruction of ships or of materials to be permitted before evacuation, surrender or restoration.
XXXII—The German Government shall formally, notify the neutral Governments of the world, and particularly the Governments of Norway. Sweden, Denmark and Holland, that all restrictions placed on the trading of their vessels with Allied and Associated countries, whether by the German Government or by private German interests, and whether in return for specific concessions such as the export of shipbuilding material or not, are immediately to be cancelled.
XXXIII.—No transfers of German merchant shipping of any description to any neutral flag are, to take place after the signature of the armistice.

Duration of Armistice

PURATION of Armistice

XXXIV.—The duration of the armistice is
to be 36 days, with the option to extend.

During this period, on the failure of the
execution of any of the above clauses, the
armistice may be denounced by one of
the contracting parties on 48 hours' previous notice.

HE FILLED THE BILL

Captain: Well, runner, how's your memory today? Runner: It's wonderful, sir; I can remember the last time I was paid.

THERE FOR EMERGENCIES

General Clauses

XVII—Repatriation without reciprocity within a maximum period of one month, in accordance with the detailed conditions, hereafter to be fixed, of all civilians goodness we've never had to use it yet.

A host of French amateur photographers recorded the daily progress of the job.

To the brassards of the R.T.O. and the M.P. must be added a new one—that of the R.P.G. It stands for Reception Fark Garage. The guardians of that enclosure at a certain base wear it on their left arms. Twenty-one million feet of lumber are stacked up in one A.E.F. port ready to be made into barracks and warehouses.

Thirty ambulances, all equipped with N-rny apparatus, were recently unloaded at one base port, to be shipped to the front. A.E.F. SHOP TALK Members of the Motor Transport Corps

First Squad Leader: Hm. See by the paper that Ludendorff has resigned. Second Squad Leader: Wonder how he gets away with it? Us corporals can't.

Members of the Motor Transport Corps prisent plans. These also call for a special collar insignia—a wheel surmounted by a winged Mercury's hat.

Two million barracks bags, of new shape and issue, are stored in a Q.M. depot ready to take home extra sox, summer underwart and souvenirs, particularly the latter.

S.O.S. bulletin 39 restricts the use of soft officer comes, officers consent between the conference of the consent between the conference of the consent between the conference of the conference of the conference of the conference of the A.E.F. are innocently bening out the service stripe rule by a few days, apparently unconscious of the change in regulations that makes the date of arrival at a European port, not of leaving United States territorial waters, the time to start computing from.

All organizations except those included in the tables of organization of armies, corps, divisions or General Headquarters troops, are for statistical purposes designated as S.O.S. units, says Bulletin SZ. G.H.Q.

General Pershing has received from Marshal Facch a copy of the resolutions will be a mayors of the cannon of Void, near Toul, felicitating all the Allied Armies on their recent victories and paying the mayors of the cannon of the pay and a vaintion unit and worked during the summer by extra duty men were the following: 900 heads of letture, 1.700 radishes, 3.385 pounds of ones, 800 pounds of tomators, 120 pounds of peaks of supplied, will be capable of turning out 250 nears of the capable of turning out of the property of the recent with the pounds of bests, one ton of cabage, 80 pounds of tomators, 120 pounds of peaks of supplied, will be capable of turning out 250 nears of the capable of turning out capable of turning out of the pounds. The portional reports and concrete weights in common use—the short ton. 2,040 pounds of the long or British on 2,040 pounds of the pay and concrete the short of the pounds. The point of the pound of the pay and concrete the short of the pounds and the metric ton. 2,044 pounds

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LIVER AND BACON ONE KIND OF MEAT

Mr. Hoover's Drastic Order Is Quickly Rescinded

IS QUICKIY INC.

scinded

[By Carleto THE STARS AND STRIPES.]

AMERICA, Nov. 14.—When Food Administrator Herbert C. Hoover recently issued an order providing the serving of only one kind of meat at one meal he hit us, at last, where we lived.

We were willing to hock our socks and families to lend Uncle Sam six billions. We were willing to pay or die. But when we found that liver and bacon were considered two kinds of meat we simply laid down on our job of being 100 per cent patriotic. There were limits to what we could let any war do to us, and even this war couldn't make us admit that our national dish was anything but one and indivisible.

We didn't really rebel, or even say much but we segn terrific thought waves in the direction of Washington and managed to get it across that the well-known words. E Pluribus Unum, were especially written to cover liver and bacon With the grace for which he is justly famous, Mr. Hoover rescinded this unduly Spartan edict, and also raised our monthly sugar ration from two pounds to three, telling us that during the last four months we have saved 300,000 tons. Since last spring we have saved, by curtailed eating, 13,000,000 barrels of flour, or approximately 24 pounds for every man, woman and child in the United States. We are also going to send you 60 miles of tomatoes. At least, some Government sharp who was temporarily not busy counting shells, cannon or dollars, figures out that the canned love apples that are going to you will fill a freight train 60 miles long.

She: Did he make an enviable record overseas? Second She: I should say he did! He twirled bis riding crop for an aver-age of .654.

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It's a pretty lively game with
any amount of "good hits,"
"runs," and "catches." Latterly "runs," and "catches." Latterly
we have begun to fill the
German "pill-boxes" with our
Blighty Pills for Boche People.
It's no joke, though, looking
Fritz's machine-gun in the face
time after time, and between
you and me, I can tell you
there is nothing I enjoy so
much after a round-up as a decent cigarette—and for choice

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smooth cool shaves from every 12 blades. Without stropping this razor will shave as well as any unstropped blade can. The stropping feature in the AutoStrop Razor insures smooth clean shaving such as is obtained by the first class barber, and as a consequence lengthens the life of the blade.

The AutoStrop Razor

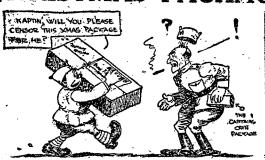


PRESENT FOR THE

BUT YOU AINT

CONTE.

GWAN-WOT FOR DO I



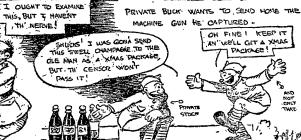
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Merely a Prece of Army Red Tade Sent Home by a member of



TO SEND HOME THE MACHINE GUN HE CAPTURED



"IT'S AN ILL WIND, ETC., OR "A POOR EXCUSE IS BETTER THAN

MY, MY .- A YOMAS PACKAGE

I WONDER WHO COULD HAVE

FROM THE A.E.F. IN FRANCE

AN ORIGINAL PRESENT - SHIP THE FOLKS A SECTION, OF THE BUSTED HINDENBURG LINE.

"Doan' you bother a bit if folks laughs at yo'. Even if yo' cain't faht no B comp'ny monkeys, you's de best li'l blaick dowg as ever wuz borned een Fraince, so yo' is!"

"Wassall dem streaks ob lightnin' and

irician," the owner of the arm informed him.
"Lawdy" exclaimed the questione.
"Been in de Ahmy a long time, huh?"
"No, just a little over a year,"
"less a year! Mean to tell me you got up as high as all dat in one li'l wah?"

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IT MUST BE A SOUVENIR

THE BATTLEFIELD-IM

WRAP YOURSELP UP HEATLY AND FASTE A LABEL ON YOUR CHEST MARKED -PRIVATE". A CENSOR'S STAMP IS QUITE UNNECESSARY, AG A PRIVATE IS CENSORED BY HIS OFFICERS AND NON-COMS AURE. AT LEAST PORTY TIMES A DAY. THE GREAT ADVANTAGE OF THIS SCHEME IS THAT WILL BE ABLE TO WITNESS THE WELCOME ARRIVAL OF YOUR PACKAGE (LINLESS YOU HAVE ACQUIRED ONE YOURSELF. EN ROUTH)

IMPORTED FIREMEN **GUARD A.E.F. PORTS**

THE FRANC- TERROR BOLVES

MOTHER DIFFICULT PROBLEM

I'M GONA WAIT TILL

GIT TO BERLIN

Yank Engine and Hose Men Save Burning Ships and Even Town

SAME OLD GANG IS HERE

Bunkhouse Has Sawdust Box Eating Tobacco Rules and Yarn Swapping

Ammunition Ship Ablaze

Ammunition Ship Ablaze

Another time a Brazilian ship, laden with ammunition, took fire in the harbor. The crew, thinking all was lost, fled precipately. But the Yanks, booted and hosed, went right into the hold of the burning ship, drenched the inflammable cargo, and saved not only the ship, but the docks and warehouses adjacent. When the ammunition dries out it will be as good as ever for lossing in the Kaiser's direction.

For their intrepidity the Brazilian vice-consult at the port has formally cited the Yank fire contingent on behalf of his government, and soon the citation will be framed and hung up in the bunk-house, just like the trophies of the firemen's field days in the States.

The stations from which the smokehounds of the A. E. P. sally forth are fitted up with cleetric equipment throughout, and with automatic alarms, the sounding of which by the man on guard also starts the engine.

Makes Record Getaway

Makes Record Getaway

Makes Record Getaway

One company claims a record getaway of 33 seconds between the sounding of the alarm and the exit of the engine, fully manned, from its shed, and defies any fire house in the States to better it. Perhaps, at that, the A. B. F. firemen should give a bit of a handican, since their bunks are on the same lovel—in fact, part of the same building—as the engine shed, and they have no brass pole to shinny down as have their civilian brethren.

In addition to being on call 24 hours a day, members of the fire units, the commissioned officers particularly, are charged with the work of fire prevention and inspection and fire-fighting education throughout the districts they serve. They have to see to it that every barracks is supplied with its buckets and extinguishers, that the stoves in the mess shacks are rightly placed, that the "No Smoking" signs on the warehouses are lived up to, and so forth.

Mess Shacks Don't Count

Such good co-operation have they got in this regard that they say now that they do not have to bother with mere mess shack fires. The local talent takes care of them and handles them well, while the fire companies reserve their efforts for big game, such as possible bustups in gasoline stations, oil plants read munitian dumbs. They feel more

"Defense de fumer." and munition dumps. They feel more secure in this attitude now that they have distributed a number of hand drawn chemical engines throughout the

war has not made these Army firemen

camps.

War has not made these Army firemen any less firemen than formerly. Their bunkhouse is the rendezvous for all those men about the docks and camps who have time off to spend and yarns to spill. It is the same social center for base port mesculinity that the back home engine house is for the ward in which it is located. The good old process of whittling goes on unabated, and the old sawdust box in the corner acts as a target for many a well-directed gob of eating tobacco.

Strange to say, the A. E. F. fireman's buddy is not the M. P., as one might suspect from the relations of cops and buffs in the States. It is the gob, the Jacky who is assigned to help him out in a tight pinch whenever a bluze starts on the wherves or inland. They have called on the Navy many a time, say the chemical haulers, and every time the Navy has made good, and when they doff their O. D. for their old blues after the war they will always have a good word and an extra chew for the bise clad flat feet.

KEEPING THINGS STIRRING IN THE S.O.S.

OF DELICIOUS FRENCH PROMAGE NOME !

An S. O. S. Engineer office sent an officer to the front as conducting officer for a bunch of replacements. He was told to return immediately. He was so long about it, however, that he was finally docketed as AWOL. When he at last turned up, he had to make out a report explaining his absence. It contained the following paragraph:

"On arrival I found that the Allied offensive was about to begin, and that the Engineers were going into the trenches next morning. I reported to the commanding officer, a major. I expressed to him my desire to remain to see the beginning of the drive. He stated that he was willing, and attached me to Company A, whose captain placed me in command of the third platoon, which I led through the entire engagement until the division was relieved. I did not in command of the third platoon, which I led through the entire engagement until the division was relieved. I did not know how long we were going to be in action, and as Company A was the advance company of Engineers and worked so far ahead of the balance of the regiment that we lost all touch with them, I could not very well leave after I had once started."

"One hundred extra men have just come in," said the mess sergeant to the first mess sergeant, on the first mess sergeant. "Put another peck of whitewash in the slum." With flour and water and a few other things this Army's cooks and mess sergeants are every day performing new wonders.

A cook book compiled of the emergency recipes gotten up when the rations were delayed would be a winner.

Attached to the office of the Attending Surgeon, Hq., S. O. S., is a French doctor who treats the French civilian employees. One of his patients has been suffering from a severe abscess on her leg and the other day he had one of the Army ambulances take her to the hostital.

The next day he call to

pital.

The next day he called again, gave the same name and address, and said he wanted the patient taken to the hospital.

"But," he was told, "we took that woman to the hospital tast evening."

"I know," he said, "but she forget to take her bread ticket, and had to walk back home and get it."

Visions of an immediate cessation of hostilities, formed from a premature interpretation of recent news, caused a certain dusky member of a Labor Batialion to linger en villa somewhat after taps one uight not long ago.

Despite the fact that his natural campullage helped somewhat to shield him from observation off the way to his barracks, an M. P. managed to spot the prature of the product of the mature celebrant and soon had him bileted behind armed guards and barbed wire.

leted behind armed guards and barbed wire.

Next day the culprit was brought before a summary court officer.

"Well, Private Brown," demanded that functionary, "have you any excuse to offer for your presence in town after hours last night?"

"I ain't '2ackly got no 'scuce, ro' honor," repiled Private Brown, "but I got a reason."

"Well, what is the reason?"

"Twus sumpth" w'at them Frenchies culls 'Encore."

Twenty men of Company E. — Engineers, went out on a truck one Wednesday to a new and unplowed, unplotted site. By Friday night they had crected in all completeness four barracks buildings, 20 by 100 feet.

Ten men of the same outlit, generaled by one Corporal Irwin, have kept up a record of a barracks a day. One day they were all through with their building in seven hours; but they make haste to add that this record does not stand, as ("through some mistake," they say) all the pieces for that particular barracks happened to fit.

Defense de fumer.
No smoking.
E prohibido fumar.
Esta prohibido fumar.
Cam hut thuöc.
And the next line is Chinese.

And the next line is Coinese.

Not all the salvaging work in the S.O.S. is confined to the department bearing that name. In one base section this plan is put through for the reclamation of tin and solder from cans:

A conical hole, ten feet in diameter at the top and five feet deep, is due, and the cans are placed in it and burned. The solder melts and collects in the bottom of the pit, and is removed once a week. At one camp the system yielded 60 tons of solder a week after it got going, and as a consequence camp commanders in the district have been ordered to put the method into operation collecting the tin cans from the kitchens and burning them daily, then flattening them out and salvaging them.

The model café of the S. O. S. has een found—if a café can be called mod been found—if a café can be called model. It was constructed after the Americans came, and for their trade and use alone.

It is a large barrack-like affair, tar-

papered on the outside and at night tare habited on the inside, in part at least, its interior is all new wood work, scrup; ulously scrubbed plain board tables, and spandy clean bar. Perhaps one of the treasons for its cleanliness is the sign which it sports in several places:

"This café must be respected, so make your police yourself."

In consequence, there isn't a single eigeractic butt on the floor.

Besides the inevitable signs of the Entent, such as intertwined French and American flags, there are other signs worthy of notice besides the "For Sot diers only" on the outside. Anxious and correct Boston or Brooklyn pastors would delight in the wording of: "Soldiers are requested not to introduce any formale into this establishment." But the set of all, perhaps, is the nice sense of differentiation shown by the three on trance posts, which, after pointing the way for the "Couleured" brethern to go, proceed to draw a sharp line between "White men" and "Officers."

The café proclaims loudly that it leasn't a drop of rum or cognac in the place, and that not for all the wealth of the Banque de France output as a wet cork leaves the stage of the "Couleured" brethern to go, proceed to draw a sharp line between "White men" and "Officers."

The café proclaims loudly that it leasn't a drop of rum or cognac in the place, and that not for all the wealth of the Banque de France Bould you induce it to sell even so much as a wet cork lectore 5:30 p. m. Which is one of the reasons why it may be called model.

Railroading in France isn't so essentiable "different leading in France i

Railroading in France isn't so essentially different from railroading in Louisiana, as the sergeants in charge of some of the negro Engineers have found out. Whenever they want a particularly heavy piece of equipment moved, they just start to eroon the old song:

De ole hen duck said to de drake, bey ain't no crawfish in dis lake.

Let's—DIVE—no the odder SIDE!

At the word "dive" everybody takes

Knights of Columbus Club House

27 Blvd Malesherbes EVERYBODY WELCOME

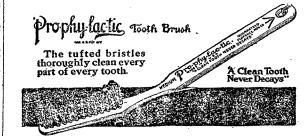
Mr. Orpheus, who moved rocks with rather tearful appreciation. dat dere wreathe o' flowahs on yo' arm mean, cap'n?" inquired the dark one. "That means I'm a master signal elec-trician." the owner of the arm informed him

Peoria, but hing with delight his own adherents.
"Dey eain't fahnd a dowg in all dis yere camp wou'll stain' up agin him," they chuckle, when Bobo swings his long arms and lopes after some mongrel that has strayed in.

Not so long ago, a pathetic scene might have been witnessed on one of the company streets. Smoke was being carried along, in a cowering, timid state bordering on shell shock or mental collapse, by a great hulking Stevedore, who was attempting to soothe him.
"Doan' yo' keer, Smoke," he crooned.

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OBSERVER'S LIFE MORE THAN TOUR OF CLOUDS

The observation planes are supposed to fight the concentrations, requiring to another field from mission that set of at dawn on October 1 the past, pullant ribbons of the D. S. C. the past, pullant ribbons of the D. S. C. the past, pullant ribbons of the D. S. C. the past, pullant ribbons of the D. S. C. the past, pullant ribbons of the D. S. C. the past, pullant ribbons of the D. S. C. the past, pullant ribbons of the D. S. C. the past, pullant ribbons of the D. S. C. the past, pullant ribbons of the D. S. C. the past, pullant ribbons of the D. S. C. the past, pullant ribbons of the D. S. C. the past, pullant ribbons of the D. S. C. the past, pullant ribbons of the D. S. C. the past, pullant ribbons of the D. S. C. the past, pullant ribbons of the D. S. C. the past of the D. S. C. the D. S. C. the past of the D. S. C. the D.

Refreshaeder—be that used to be General Pershings channel—seems on soore skyrocketting into the twentless, the work of the observation planes went on night and day, venturesome, dangerous, exciting beyond all words to tell—but unchronicled.

"Just an Observer"

There is not only the notion that the observation planes lead a comparatively genteel and hundrum existence, but that the observers themselves are some that the observation planes lead a comparatively genteel and hundrum existence, but that the observation planes are some the thrill of the chase. Of the men who, on their breasts, wear a single silver wing instead of two, the wiscare of the front is wont to say: "Ho, he's just an observer," as who should say: "Ho, he's just an observer," as who should say: "Ho, he's just alleutenant in the Home Guard of South Bend, Indiana." And that—considering the fact that the life of an observer is even more plantfully insecure than the life of an observer is even more plantfully insecure than the life of an observation pliots not merely to take photographs but to take chances. There was a restive, not to say mutnons, tendency not merely to take photographs but to take chances. There was a restive, not to say mutnons, tendency not merely to take photographs but to a take chances. There was a restive, not to say mutnons, tendency not merely to take photographs but to take chances. There was a restive, not to say mutnons, tendency not merely to take photographs but to take chances. There was a restive, not to say mutnons, tendency not merely to take photographs but to take chances. There was a restive, not to say include the proposed of the string of the proposed of

prints from the dark room also takes the air route.

An approaching enemy attack is reflected through the delicate lens of a camera hovering 5,000 meters overhead, which is why the enemy planes attack it in great numbers. That print shows a sudden increase of trains on the siding at the big railhead opposite, the next serves notice that there are many new tents in the waiting field hospitals behind the enemy lines.

A good airplane photograph of Metz-Sabbons, for instance, will tell just how many cars are within its area, just which ones the hombers deraited the night before. When our big guns epened up late last month on the distant railway shuttle linking Mczieres with Longuyon, the flying cameras photographed the target before and after the first shots and submitted the prints to the gunners so that they might correct their fire accordingly.

Of course, the speed of such reconnaissance is important. A photographic

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In the course of that same fight, the pilot of the other machine was knocked unconscious. When he came to, he was pointing straight downward with the motor full on and his aneroid showed he had fallen four thousand meters out of control. Somehow he righted himself in time and flew back to the aerodrome control. Somehow he right time and flew back to th There were two "creases"

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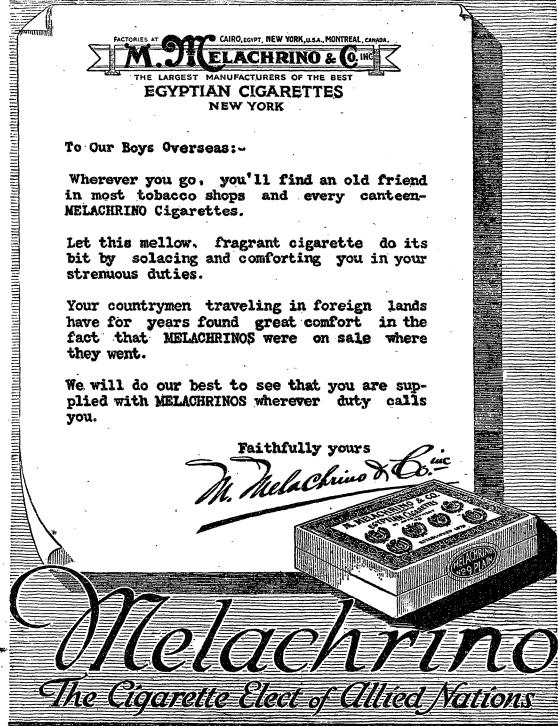
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WHERE LEAVES GROW

There is a motherly yet boyish person on the working staff at Alx who noes by various names. Most of the Yanks call her "Mother" or "Ma." Others jocularly term her "The Ansious Old Lady of Aix," or "The Lady with tells herself, so it is fair game to provide the tells herself, so it is fair game to provide the tells herself, so it is fair game to provide the tells herself, so it is fair game to provide the tells herself, so it is fair game to provide the tells herself, so it is fair game to provide the tells herself, so it is fair game to provide the tells herself, so it is fair game to provide the tells herself, so it is fair game to provide the tells herself, so it is fair game to provide the tells herself, so it is fair game to provide the tells herself, so it is fair game to provide the Yanks call her "Mother" and went and wenthed with quining and aspirin tablets with which to ward of the "Shakes" or incipient colds.

"The Floorwalker" it is sone that the tells herself, so it is fair game to provide the Yanks call her "Mother and the tells herself, so it is fair game to provide the Yanks call her "Mother and the tells herself, so it is fair game to provide the Yanks call her "Mother and the tells herself, so it is fair game to provide the Yanks call her "The Lady Floorwalker." It is one that she tells herself, so it is fair game to provide the Yanks call her "The Lady Floorwalker." It is one that she tells herself, so it is fair game to provide the Yanks call her "The Lady Floorwalker." It is one that she tells herself, so it is fair game to provide the Yanks call her when the With a woman to provide the tells herself, so it is fair game to provide the Yanks call the tells herself, so it is fair game to provide the tells herself, so it is fair game to provide the tells herself, so it is fair game to provide the tells herself, so it is fair game to provide the tells herself, so it is fair game to provide the tells herself, so it is fair game to the tells herself, so it is fair game to provide the month. With

For the first time in four years the famous casino at Ais-des-Itains, in the Savoy leave area, is going to be heated throughout the winter. The fact that the freezing days of last February are not to be repeated is due to the expert assistance of two ex-boilermakers, now with the A. E. F.

The way it happened was this: The Y. M. C. A. authorities, who run the casino, sent to Paris for one of their men who is supposed to be an expert on boilers. He got down to Aix, looked over the job, and allowed that it could be done, but that he would have to have help. Pring beliers that have been allowed to, moulder and rust for four years is no easy matter, so he combed the arrondissement of Chambery for French workers. None were to be found.

One day as he was sitting disconsolate in a corner of one of the easino's amplounging rooms, two Yanks plunked themselves down beside him and started o chew the fat with him. He chewed back, and then, quite inadvertently asked them what they did in the States before they joined the Army.

"I was a hoilermaker," said one.

"Me, too," piped up the other.

The older expert got right after the commandiant of the leave arear, induced them both to the refractory healting apparatus. For ten hours a day the three tacklet the problem, coming up only for the air and the dance at night. By the time the two exhollermakers' extended leaves were over they were 14 days hollday to the good, and the casino was assured of its winter heating.

There is a motherly yet boxish person.